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THE ELOQUENCE OF THE CAMP—NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

THE sayings of soldiers and those related to them have been memorable in all ages.

A Lacedemonian mother, addressing her son going to battle, said—"Return living with your shield, or dead upon it."

Xerxes, menacing Leonidas with the overwhelming numbers of his army, said—"Our arrows will obscure the sun." "Well," replied the Spartan, "we shall fight all the better in the shade."

Commanders have been remarkable for the ready tact of their improvisations. Cæsar stumbled and fell on landing in Africa. He instantly affected to kiss the soil, and exclaimed—"Africa! I embrace thee."

When Dessaix received his death-wound at Marengo, his last words were—"Go and assure the First Consul that my only regret in leaving life is, that I have not done enough to be remembered by posterity."

A drummer, one of whose arms was carried away by a cannon ball at the moment he received an order to beat the "charge," exclaimed—"I have still one hand left," and beat with the remaining hand.

On catching the first sight of the Mamelukes, drawn up in order of battle on the banks of the Nile, in view of the pyramids, Bonaparte, riding before the ranks, cried—"Soldiers! from the summits of yonder pyramids forty generations are watching you."

To a troop of artillery which had failed in their duty, he said—"This flag that you have basely deserted shall be placed in the Temple of Mars, covered with crape—your corps is disbanded."

On hearing the first gun of the enemy at Friedland, he exclaimed—"Soldiers! it is an auspicious day. It is the anniversary of Marengo."

The fourth regiment of the line on one occasion lost its eagle—"What have you done with your eagle?" asked Napoleon. "A regiment that loses its eagle has lost all. Yes, but I see two standards that you have taken. 'Tis well," concluded he, with a smile—"you shall have another eagle."

He presented Moreau, on one occasion, with a magnificent pair of pistols as a *cadeau*. "I intended," said he, "to have got the names of your victories engraved upon them, but there was not room for them."

A sentinel who allowed General Joubert to enter Napoleon's tent without giving the password was brought before him—"Go," said he—"the man who forced the Tyrol may well force a sentinel."

A general officer, not eminently distinguished, once solicited a marshal's baton—"It is not I

that make marshals," said he—"it is victories."

On the field of Austerlitz, a young Russian officer, taken prisoner, was brought before him—"Sire," said the young man, "let me be shot! I have suffered my guns to be taken." "Young man," said he, "be consoled! Those who are conquered by my soldiers, may still have titles to glory."

When the Duke of Montebello, to whom he was tenderly attached, received a mortal wound from a cannon ball, Napoleon, then in the meridian of his imperial glory, rushed to the litter on which the dying hero was stretched, and embracing him, and bedewing his forehead with his tears, uttered these untranslatable words—"Lannes! me reconnais tu!—c'est Bonaparte! c'est ton ami!"

In the Russian campaign he spirited on his troops by the assurance—"Soldiers! Russia is impelled by fate! Let its destiny be accomplished!"

On the morning of the battle of Moscow, the sun rose with uncommon splendor in an unclouded firmament—"Behold!" exclaimed Napoleon to his soldiers, "it is the sun of Austerlitz."

It will be recollected that the battle of Austerlitz was commenced at sunrise, and that on that occasion the sun rose with extraordinary splendor.

At Montereau the guns of a battery near his staff were ineffective, owing to having been ill-pointed. Napoleon dismounted from his charger, and pointed them with his own hands, never losing the skill he acquired as an artillery officer. The grenadiers of his guard did not conceal their terror at seeing the cannon balls of the enemy falling around him—"Have no fears for me," he observed, "the ball destined to kill me has not yet been cast."

In his celebrated march from Frejus to Paris, on his return from Elba, one of the regiments at Grenoble hesitated before declaring for him. He, with a remarkable instinct, leaped from his horse, and unbuttoning the breast of the grey surtout he usually wore, laid bare his breast—"If there be an individual among you," said he, "who would desire to kill his general—his emperor—let him fire."

It was, however, in his harangues to the soldiers, delivered on the spur of the moment, and inspired by the exigency of the occasion, and by the circumstances with which he found himself surrounded, that his peculiar excellence as an orator was developed. The same instinct of improvisation which prompted so many of his strategical evolutions, was manifested in his language and sentiments. At an age, and in the practice of a profession, in which the resources of the orator are not usually available or even accessible, he evinced a fertility, a suppleness, and a finesse, which bordered on the marvellous, and which, with an

audience not highly informed, might easily pass for inspiration. What language it were best to use, what conduct it were best to pursue, and what character it were best to assume on each occasion which presented itself, he appeared to know instantaneously and instinctively, without consideration, and without apparent effort of judgment. He gained his knowledge from no teacher, for he never had a mentor; he gained it not from experience, for he had not years. He had it as a gift. It was a natural instinct. While he captured the pontifical cities, and sent the treasures of art of the Vatican to Paris, he was profoundly reverential to the pope. Seeking an interview with the Archduke Charles, the lieutenant of artillery sprung from the people, met the descendant of the Cæsars with all the pride of an equal, and all the elevated courtesy of a high-born chevalier. He enforced discipline, honored the arts and sciences, protected religion and property, and respected age and sex. In the city he sacked, he put sentinels at the church doors to prevent the desecration of the altar. To set the example of respect for divine things, he commanded his marshals with the staffs to attend mass. He managed opinion, and twined popular prejudice to the purposes of power. In Egypt, he would wear the turban and quote the Koran. His genius for administration was no way inferior to his genius for conquest. He could not brook a superior, even when his rank and position were subordinate.

In his first Italian campaign, as the general of the Directory, he treated, not in the name of the directors, but in the name of Bonaparte. He was not merely commander-in-chief of the army—he was its master; and the army felt this, and the republican tacitly acknowledged it. The oldest generals quailed under the eagle-eye of this youth of five-and-twenty.

His eloquence of the field has no example in ancient or modern times. His words are not the words of a mortal. They are the announcements of an oracle. It is not to the enemies that are opposed to him that he speaks, nor do his words refer to the country he invades. He addresses Europe, and speaks of the world. If he designates the army he leads, it is THE GRAND ARMY! If he refers to the nation he represents, it is THE GREAT NATION! He blots empires from the map with the dash of his pen, and dots down new kingdoms with the hilt of his sword. He pronounces the fate of dynasties amidst thunder and lightning. His voice is the voice of destiny!

To reproduce his highly figurative language, after the fever of universal enthusiasm, in the midst of which it was uttered, has cooled down, is hazardous. It may seem to border on the ridiculous. Sublimity itself, when the hearer is not excited to the proper pitch, does so. At present, after thirty years and upwards of a general peace, the very generation which felt the enthusiasm of victory has nearly passed away, and another has grown up, all whose aspirations have been directed to far different objects. Other wants,

other wishes, other ideas, other sentiments—nay, even other prejudices—have grown up. In the days of Napoleon's splendor, military renown was all in all. The revolution had swept away all political and almost all geographical landmarks. An undefined future presented itself to all minds. The marvellous achievements of the French army itself, led by a boy on the plains, illustrated in other days by Roman glory, heated all imaginations to a point which enabled them to admire what may seem to border on bombast in the present prevalence of the intellectual over the imaginative, and of the practical over the poetical.

Let the reader, then, try to transport himself back to the exciting scenes amidst which Napoleon acted and spoke.

At six-and-twenty he superseded Scherer in the command of the army of Italy, surrounded with disasters, oppressed with despair, and utterly destitute of every provision necessary for the well-being of the soldier. He fell upon the enemy with all the confidence of victory which would have been inspired by superior numbers, discipline, and equipment. In a fortnight the whole aspect of things was changed; and here was his first address to the army:—

"Soldiers!—You have, in fifteen days, gained six victories, taken twenty-one standards, fifty pieces of cannon, several fortresses, made fifteen hundred prisoners, and killed or wounded more than ten thousand men! You have equalled the conquerors of Holland and the Rhine. Destitute of all necessities, you have supplied all your wants. Without cannon, you have gained battles—without bridges, you have crossed rivers!—without shoes, you have made forced marches!—without brandy, and often without bread, you have bivouacked! Republican phalanxes, soldiers of liberty, alone could have survived what you have suffered! Thanks to you, soldiers!—your grateful country has reason to expect great things of you! You have still battles to fight, towns to take, rivers to pass. Is there one among you whose courage is relaxed? Is there one who would prefer to return to the barren summits of the Apennines and the Alps, to endure patiently the insults of these soldier-slaves?

"No!—there is none such among the victors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, and of Mondovi!

"My friends, I promise you this glorious conquest; but be the liberators, and not the scourges of the people you subdue!"

Such addresses acted on the army with electrical effect. Bonaparte had only to walk over northern Italy, passing from triumph to triumph in that immortal campaign, with a facility and rapidity which resembled the shifting views of a phantasmagoria. He entered Milan, and there, to swell and stimulate his legions, he again addressed them:—

"You have descended from the summits of the Alps like a cataract. Piedmont is delivered. Milan is your own. Your banners wave over the fertile plains of Lombardy. You have passed the Po, the Tessino, the Adda—those vaunted bulwarks of Italy. Your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your betrothed, will exult in your triumphs, and will be proud to claim you as their own. Yes, soldiers, you have done much, but much more is still

to be accomplished. Will you leave it in the power of posterity to say that in Lombardy you have found a Capua? Let us go on! We have still forced marches to make, enemies to subdue, laurels to gather, and insults to avenge.

"To reestablish the capitol, and reërect the statues of its heroes; to awake the Roman people sunk under the torpor of ages of bondage;—behold what remains to be done! After accomplishing this, you will return to your hearths; and your fellow-citizens, when they behold you pass them, will point at you and say—*He was a soldier of the army of Italy!*"

Such language was never before addressed to a French army. It excited the soldiers even to delirium. They would have followed him to the ends of the earth. Nor was such an event foreign to his thoughts. The army no longer obeyed—it was devoted. It was not led by a mortal commander—it followed a demigod.

When he sailed from the shores of France, on the celebrated expedition to Egypt, the destination of the fleet was confided to none but himself. Its course was directed first to Malta, which, as is well known, submitted without resistance. When lying off its harbor, Bonaparte thus addressed the splendid army which floated around him:—

"Soldiers!—You are a wing of the army of England. You have made war on mountain and plain, and have made sieges. It still remains for you to make a maritime war. The legions of Rome, which you have sometimes imitated, but not yet equalled, warred with Carthage by turns on the sea and on the plains of Zama. Victory never abandoned them, because they were brave in combat, patient under fatigue, obedient to their commanders, and firm against their foes. But, soldiers! Europe has its eyes upon you; you have great destinies to fulfil, battles to wage, and fatigues to suffer."

When the men from the mast tops discovered the towers of Alexandria, Bonaparte first announced to them the destination of the expedition:—

"Frenchmen!—You are going to attempt conquests, the effects of which on the civilization and commerce of the world are incalculable. Behold the first city we are about to attack. It was built by Alexander."

As he advanced through Egypt he soon perceived that he was among a people who were fanatical, ignorant, and vindictive, who distrusted the Christians, but who still more profoundly detested the insults, exactions, pride, and tyranny of the Mamelukes. To flatter their prejudices and confirm their hatred, he addressed them in a proclamation conceived in their own Oriental style:—

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, they will say to you that I have come to destroy your religion! Believe them not. Tell them that I come to restore your rights, and to punish your usurpers, and that I, much more than the Mamelukes, respect God, his prophet, and the Koran!

"Tell it to the people that all men are equal before God. Say that wisdom, talents, and virtue, alone constitute the difference between man and man.

"Is there on your land a fine farm?—it belongs to the Mamelukes. Is there anywhere a beautiful

slave, a fine horse, a splendid house?—they all belong to the Mamelukes. If Egypt be really their farm, let them show what grant God has given them of it. But God is just and merciful towards his people. All Egyptians have equal rights. Let the most wise, the most enlightened, and the most virtuous rule, and the people will be happy.

"There were in former days among you great cities, great canals, and vast trade. What has destroyed all these, if it be not the cupidity, the injustice, and the tyranny of the Mamelukes?

"Cadis, Sheiks, Imans, Charbadgys, tell it to the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Was it not we that subdued the pope, who exhorted nations to war on the Mussulmans? Are we not also friends of the Grand Signor?

"Thrice happy those who shall be on our side!—happy those who shall be neuter: they will have time to be acquainted with us, and to join with us.

"But woe, woe to those who shall take arms for the Mamelukes, and who shall combat against us! For them there will be no hope! They shall perish!"

After quelling the revolt at Cairo, he availed himself of the terror and superstition of the Egyptians, to present himself to them as a superior being, as a messenger of God, and the inevitable instrument of Fate:—

"Sheiks, Ulemas, worshippers of Mahomet, tell the people that those who have been *my* enemies shall have no refuge in this world or in the next! Is there a man among them so blind as not to see Fate itself directing my movements?

"Tell the people that since the world was a world, it has been written, that after having destroyed the enemies of Islamism—after having beaten down their crosses, I should come from the depths of the west, to fulfil the task which has been committed to me. Show the people that in the holy volume of the Koran, in more than twenty places, what happens has been foretold, and what will happen is likewise written.

"I can call each of you to account for the most hidden thoughts of your heart; for I know all, even the things you have not whispered to another. But a day will come when all the world will plainly see that I am conducted by orders from above, and that no efforts can prevail against me!"

Where Charlatanism was the weapon most effective, he there scrupled not to wield it for the attainment of his ends.

After the 18th Brumaire, surrounded by his brilliant staff, he apostrophized the Directory with the haughty tone of a master who demands an account of his servants, and as though he were already absolute sovereign of France:—

"What have you done with that France which I left you surrounded with such splendor? I left you peace—I return and find war. I left you the millions of Italy—I return and find spoliation and misery! What have you done with the hundred thousand brave French, my companions in arms, in glory, and in toil? *THEY ARE DEAD!*"

Bonaparte was remarkable for contemptuously breaking through the traditions of military practice. Thus, on the eve of the battle of Austerlitz, he adopted the startling and unusual course of dis-



closing the plan of his campaign to the private soldiers of his army:—

"The Russians," said he, "want to turn my right, and they will present to me their flank. Soldiers, I will myself direct all your battalions; depend upon me to keep myself far from the fire, so long as, with your accustomed bravery, you bring disorder and confusion into the enemy's ranks; but, if victory were for one moment uncertain, you would see me in the foremost ranks, to expose myself to their attack. There will be the honor of the French infantry—the first infantry in the world. This victory will terminate your campaign, and then the peace we shall make will be worthy of France, of you, and of me!"

What grandeur, combined with what pride, we find in these last words!

His speech after the battle is also a *chef-d'œuvre* of military eloquence. He declares his contentment with his soldiers—he walks through their ranks—he reminds them who they have conquered, what they have done, and what will be said of them; but not one word does he utter of their chiefs. The emperor and the soldiers—France for a perspective—peace for a reward—and glory for a recollection! What a commencement, and what a termination!—

"Soldiers! I am content with you; you have covered your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the emperors of Russia and of Austria, have been, in less than four hours, cut to pieces and dispersed; whoever has escaped your sword has been drowned in the lakes. Forty stand of colors—the standards of the imperial guard of Russia—one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the results of this day, forever celebrated. That infantry, so much boasted of, and in numbers so superior to you, could not resist your shock, and henceforth you have no longer any rivals to fear.

"Soldiers! when the French people placed upon my head the imperial crown I entrusted myself to you; I relied upon you to maintain it in the high splendor and glory, which alone can give it value in my eyes. Soldiers! I will soon bring you back to France; there you will be the object of my most tender solicitude. It will be sufficient for you to say, '*I was at the battle of Austerlitz*,' in order that your countrymen may answer, '*Voilà un brave!*'"

On the anniversary of this battle, he used to recapitulate with pleasure the accumulated spoils that fell into the hands of the French, and he used to inflame their ardor against the Prussians by the recollection of those victories; thus, on the morning of another fight, he apostrophized his soldiers in the following manner:—"Those," pointing to the enemy, "and yourselves, are you not still the soldiers of Austerlitz!" This was the stroke of a master.

"Soldiers! it is to-day one year, this very hour, that you were on the memorable field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled terrified; their allies were destroyed; their strong places, their capitals, their magazines, their arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred pieces of cannon, five grand fortified places, were in your power.

The Oder, the Warta, the deserts of Poland, the bad weather, nothing has stopped you. All have fled at your approach. The French eagle soars over the Vistula; the brave and unfortunate Poles imagine that they see again the legions of Sobieski.

"Soldiers! we will not lay down our arms until a general peace has restored to our commerce its liberty and its colonies. We have, on the Elbe and the Oder, recovered Pondichery, our Indian establishments, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who shall give to the Russians the hope to resist destiny! These and yourselves. Are we not the soldiers of Austerlitz!"

He commenced the Prussian campaign by a speech that burned and flashed like lightning itself—

"Soldiers! I am in the midst of you. You are the vanguard of a great people. You must not return to France unless you return under triumphal arches. What! shall it be said that you have braved the seasons, the deep, the deserts, conquered Europe, several times coalesced against you, carried your glory from the east to the west, only to return to your country like fugitives, and to hear it said that the French eagle had taken flight, terrified at the aspect of the Prussian armies? Let us advance, then; and since our moderation has not awakened them from their astonishing intoxication, let them learn that if it is easy to obtain any increase of power from the friendship of a great people, its enmity is more terrible than the tempests of the ocean."

On the eve of his celebrated entry into Berlin, he excited the pride of his troops by placing before them the rapidity of their march, and the grandeur of their triumphs:—

"The forests, the defiles of Franconia, the Saale, and the Elbe, which your fathers had not traversed in seven years, you have traversed in seven days, and in this interval you have fought four fights and one pitched battle. You have sent the renown of your victories before you to Potsdam and to Berlin. You have made sixty thousand prisoners, taken sixty-five standards, six hundred pieces of cannon, three fortresses, and more than twenty generals; and yet nearly one half of you still lament not having fired a shot. All the provinces of the Prussian monarchy, as far as the banks of the Oder, will be in your power."

It is true, and it will occur to every mind, that a large part of the force of this eloquence of the camp in the case of Bonaparte, depended on the astounding character of the facts which he had the power of repeating. Even now, after these miracles of military prowess have been repeated in as many versions by a hundred contemporary historians in every living language, we cannot read these simple references to them without being overwhelmed with amazement. The narrative of them borders often on the impossible, and forcibly impresses us with the justness of the adage, that truth is often more wonderful than fiction, and that the historian has often to record that from which the novelist would shrink.

At Eylau, he thus honored the memory of his brave warriors who had fallen:—

"You have marched against the enemy, and you



have pursued him, your swords in his reins, over a space of eighty leagues. You have taken from him sixty-five pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or captured, more than forty-five thousand men. Our *braves* who have remained on the field of battle have died a glorious death. Theirs is the death of true soldiers."

At Friedland, he again apostrophized his army:—

"In ten days you have taken one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, seven standards, killed, wounded, or captured sixty thousand Russian prisoners; taken from the enemy all its hospitals, all its magazines, all its ambulances, the fortress of Koenigsburg, the three hundred vessels that were in the port, laden with every species of munitions, and one hundred and sixty thousand muskets that England had sent to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula you have passed to those of the Niemen, with the rapidity of the eagle. You celebrated at Austerlitz the anniversary of my coronation; you have this year celebrated here the anniversary of Marengo. Soldiers of the grand army of France, you have been worthy of yourselves and of me!"

In 1809, when prepared to punish Austria for her treachery, he again adopted the bold and unexpected course of confiding to the army his great designs. He mingled amongst the soldiers, and made them share the spirit of his vengeance; he never allowed himself to be separated from them, and made *his* cause *their* cause. What a military *elan* there is in the following speech:—

"Soldiers! I was surrounded by you when the sovereign of Austria came to my bivouac in Moravia; you heard him implore my clemency, and swear eternal friendship for me, his victor in three campaigns. Austria owed everything to our generosity; three times has she perjured herself. Our past successes are a sure guarantee of the victories that await us; forward, then, and let the enemy acknowledge its conqueror in our very aspect."

It was with a like ardor he animated the army sent to Naples against the English. His speech appeared to move with the *pas de charge*:—

"Soldiers! march; throw yourselves upon them in a torrent, if these feeble battalions of the tyrants of the deep will even wait for your approach. Do not wait to inform me that the sanctity of treaties has been vindicated, and that the *manes* of my brave soldiers, murdered in the ports of Sicily, on their return from Egypt, after having escaped all the perils of the deep, of the deserts, and of a hundred fights, have at last been appeased!"

It was also to beat down the power of his implacable and eternal enemy, that he harangued the army of Germany, on its return, and that he opened before its view the conquest of Spain:—

"Soldiers! after having triumphed on the Danube and the Vistula, you have traversed Germany by forced marches—I order you now to traverse France without a moment's repose. Soldiers! I have need of you. The hideous presence of the leopard defiles the peninsula of Spain and Portugal; let it fly terrified at your look. Carry your victorious eagles even to the columns of Hercules; there,

also, you have treachery to revenge. Soldiers! you have surpassed the renown of modern armies, but have you equalled the glories of the legions of Rome, who, in the same campaign, triumphed on the Rhine and on the Euphrates, in Illyria and on the Tagus?"

Let us now pass to the penultimate act of this gorgeous drama. Behold! the scene is the court of Fontainebleau. Listen to his solemn *adieux* to the faithful remains of his army—to those soldiers who could not bring themselves voluntarily to separate from their general, and who were weeping around him. Antiquity affords no scene at once so heart-rending and so solemn:—

"Soldiers! I make you my *adieux*. For twenty years, that we have been together, I have been content with you! I have always found you on the road to glory. All the powers of Europe are armed against me alone; some of my generals have betrayed their duty and France. France has deserved other destinies. With you and the other *braves* who have remained faithful to me I could have maintained a civil war, but France would have been unhappy. Be faithful to your new king—be obedient to your new chiefs—and do not abandon your dear country. Do not lament my fate. I shall be happy so long as I know that you also are happy. I might have died. If I have consented to live, it is still to your glory. I will write the great deeds that you have done. I cannot embrace you all, but I embrace your general. Come, *General Petit*, let me press you to my heart. Bring me that eagle, and let me embrace it also. Ah! dear eagle, may this kiss which I give you be remembered by posterity. Adieu, my children. My prayers will always accompany you. Preserve my memory!"

He departed, and in the island of Elba he organized that expedition, the mere narrative of which seems almost fabulous.

He had not yet set foot on the shores of France, when already, from the deck of that frail skiff "which bore Cæsar and his fortunes," he gave to the winds and the waves his celebrated proclamation. He evoked before the eyes of his soldiers the images of a hundred fights, and sent his eagles before him, as the harbingers of his triumphant return:—

"Soldiers! in my exile I heard your voice. We have not been conquered, but betrayed. We must forget that we have been the masters of nations, but we must not allow others to mingle themselves in our affairs. Who shall pretend to be master in our country? Resume those eagles that you had at Ulm, at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Montmirail. The veterans of the army of the Sambre and the Meuse, of the Rhine, of Italy, of Egypt, of the west, of the grand army, are humiliated. Come, place yourselves under the flag of your chief. Victory will march at the *pas de charge*. The eagle, with the national flag shall fly from steeple to steeple, until she lights on the towers of Notre Dame!"

On the morrow of his arrival at the Tuileries, and amidst the astonishment which followed that night of enthusiasm and intoxication, he called his old guard around its flag, and presented to it his brave companions of the island of Elba:—

"Soldiers! behold the officers of the battalion who have accompanied me in misfortune. They are all my friends—they were dear to my heart; wherever I saw them, they represented to me the different regiments of the army. Among these six hundred veteran companions were men of all the regiments. All reminded me of those great days, the memory of which is so dear to me—for all were covered with honorable wounds, received in those memorable battles. In loving them I loved you all. Soldiers of the French army! they bring you back those eagles, which will serve you as a rallying point. In giving them to the guard, I give them to the whole army. Treason and unhappy circumstances have covered them for a time with mourning; but, thanks to the French people and to you, they reappear, resplendent with all their former glory. Swear that they shall be found always wherever the interests of the country shall call them. Let the traitors and those who invade our territory never be able to stand before their looks."

Some days afterwards, at the assembly in the Champs de Mars, he speaks not of the glory of the battles, nor of the devotion of the soldiers, but, being in the presence of the people, and of the legislative bodies, he extols the grand principle of the national sovereignty:—

"Emperor, consul, soldier—I hold all from the people. In prosperity, in adversity, on the battlefield, at the council-board, on the throne, in exile, France has ever been the only and constant object of my thoughts and of my actions. Like that king of Athens, I sacrificed myself for my people, in the hope of seeing realized the promise given, to preserve for France its national integrity, its honor, and its repose."

On the meeting of the chambers, he addressed them, conjuring them to forget their quarrels in the face of the imminent danger of the nation:—

"Let us not imitate the example of the lower empire, which, pursued on all sides by barbarians, exposed itself to the laughter of posterity, by occupying itself with paltry dissensions at the moment when the battering ram struck on the walls of the city. It is in difficult times that great nations, like great men, develop all the energy of their characters."

Falling unexpectedly amongst the army, he recalled to its recollection that it ought not to allow itself to be alarmed by the great numbers of its enemies; that it had atrocious insults to avenge; that surrounding nations were impatient to shake off the yoke, and to combat the same enemies:—

"These, and ourselves—are we no longer the same men! Soldiers! at Jena, against these same Prussians, now so arrogant, you were one against two, and, at Montmirail, you were one against three. Let those among you who have been prisoners with the English tell you the tale of their prison-ships, and of the frightful evils that they have suffered."

"The Saxons, the Belgians, the Hanoverians, the soldiers of the confederation of the Rhine, groan at being obliged to lend their arms to princes who are hostile to justice and the people's rights."

And when all was finished—when the lighting of Waterloo had struck him, how touching were his last words to his army!—

"Soldiers!" said he, "I will follow your steps, although absent. It was the country you served in obeying me; and if I have had any share in your affections, I owe it to my ardent love for France—our common mother. Soldiers! some few efforts more, and the coalition will be dissolved. Napoleon will be grateful to you for the blows you are going to give."

From on board the *Bellerophon*, anchored in British waters, he addressed the following letter to the prince regent:—

"YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS,—Overcome by the factions which divide my country, and by the hostility of the great powers of Europe, I have terminated my political career, and I come, like Themistocles of old, to sit down at the hearth of the British people. I place myself under the protection of their laws, which I claim from your royal highness, as the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of my enemies."

At St. Helena, his imagination retraced his past life, reverted to Egypt and the East, and the brilliant recollections of his youth.

"I should have done better," said he, striking his forehead, "not to have quitted Egypt. Arabia waited for a hero. With the French in reserve, and the Arabians and Egyptians as auxiliaries, I should have rendered myself master of India, and should now have been emperor of all the East."

Dwelling still on this grand idea, he used to say—

"St. Jean d'Acre taken, the French army would have flown to Damascus and Aleppo, and, in the twinkling of an eye, would have been on the Euphrates. The Christians of Syria, the Druses, the Armenians, would have joined it. The population was about to be shaken. I should have reached Constantinople and India; and I should have changed the face of the world."

Then, as if liberty, fairer than the empire of the world, had shed on him a new light, he exclaimed—

"The great and noble truths of the French revolution will endure forever. We have covered them with so much lustre, associated them with such monuments and such prodigies—we have washed away their first stains with waves of glory. They are immortal; issuing from the tribune, cemented by the blood of battles, adorned with the laurels of victory, saluted with the acclamations of the people and of nations, sanctioned by treaties, they can never retrograde. They live in Great Britain, they are resplendent in America, they are nationalized in France. Behold the tripod from which will issue the light of the world!"

Images of war floated continually before his imagination during the maladies which preceded his death.

"Go, my friends," he used to say, "and revisit your families; as for me, I shall see again my brave companions in the elysium of futurity. Yes! Kleber, Dessaix, Bessières, Duroc, Ney, Murat, Massena, Berthier, all will come to meet me. When they see me, they will be wild with enthusiasm and glory; we shall talk of our wars with the Scipios, the Hannibals, the Cæsars, the Fredericks, unless,"

added he, with a smile, "the people there below should be afraid to see so many warriors together."

In an excess of delirium, which occurred during his illness, he imagined that he was at the head of the army of Italy, and that he heard the drums beating. He exclaimed,

"Steingel, Dessaix, Massena, away, away, run—to the charge!—they are ours!"

Pondering on his melancholy situation on the rock of St. Helena, he used to soliloquize—

"Another Prometheus, I am nailed to a rock, where a vulture devours me. Yes! I had robbed fire from heaven to give it to France; the fire has returned to its source, and behold me here! The love of glory is like that bridge which Satan threw over chaos to pass from hell to paradise: glory joins the past to the future, from which it is separated by an immense abyss. Nothing remains for my son save my name."

The concluding words of his testament were marked by his usual eloquence.

"I desire," said he, "that my ashes may repose on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of the people whom I have so much loved."

But let us now endeavor to dispel the illusions created by the sublimity of his genius, and to look at Napoleon as he will be viewed by the wisdom of posterity.

As a statesman, he had at once too much genius and too much ambition to lay down the supreme power, and to reign under any master whatever, be it parliament, people, or king.

As a warrior, he fell from the throne, not for having refused to reestablish legitimacy, not for having smothered liberty, but as a consequence of conquest. He was not, and he could not be, either a Monk or a Washington, for the simplest of all reasons, that he was a Napoleon.

He reigned as reign all the powers of this world, by the force of his principle; he perished, as perish all powers of this world, by the violence and the abuse of his principle.

Greater than Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter, or Frederick, he, like them, has imprinted his name on an age; like them, he was a legislator; like them, he established an empire; and his memory, which is universal, lives under the tent of the Arab, and crosses, with the canoes of the Indian, the far waters of the Oceania. The people of France, who forget so soon, have retained nothing of that revolution, which disturbed the world, except his name. The soldiers, in their discourses of the bivouac, speak of no other captain; and when they pass through our cities, direct their eyes to no other image.

When the people accomplished the revolution of July, the flag, all soiled with dust, which was unfurled by the soldier-artisans—the chiefs of the

insurrection—was the flag surmounted by the French eagle—it was the flag of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, and not that of Jemappes or Eleurus; it was the flag that was unfurled in the squares of Lisbon, of Vienna, of Berlin, at Rome, at Moscow, and not that which floated over the federation of the Champs de Mars. It was the flag riddled by the bullets of Waterloo; it was the flag which the emperor embraced at Fontainebleau, when he bade adieu to his old guard; it was the flag which had shaded his expiring brow at St. Helena—it was, in one word—the FLAG OF NAPOLEON.

He—this man—had dispelled the popular illusion which attached itself to the blood of kings—sovereignty, majesty, and power. He raised the people in their own esteem, by showing to them kings, descended from kings, at the foot of a king who had sprung from the people. He so overwhelmed hereditary monarchs by placing them in *juxta-position* with himself—he so oppressed them with his own greatness, that, in taking them one by one, all these kings, and all these emperors, and bringing them beside himself, that they were scarcely perceivable, so small and obscure did they become by the comparison with this Colossus.

But let us listen to what the severe voice of history will pronounce against him.

He dethroned the sovereignty of the people. The emperor of the French republic, he became a despot—he threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law—he incarcerated individual liberty in his state prisons—he stifled the liberty of the press, by the gags of the censorship—he violated trial by jury—he trampled under his feet the tribunals, the legislative bodies, and the senate—he depopulated the workshops and the fields—he engrafted on the army a new *noblesse*, which soon became more insupportable than the ancient one, because it had neither the same antiquity nor the same prestige; he levied arbitrary taxes—he desired that in the whole empire there should be but one voice—*his voice*; and but one law, *his will*. The capital, the cities, the armies, the fleets, the palaces, the museums, the magistrates, the citizens, became *his capital, his cities, his armies, his fleets, his palaces, his museums, his magistrates, and his subjects*. He drew the nation out to conflict and to battle, where we have nothing left remarkable save the insolence of our victories, our corpses, and our gold. In fine, after having besieged the forts of Cadiz—after having in his hands the keys of Lisbon, of Madrid, of Vienna, of Berlin, of Naples, and of Rome—after having made the pavement of Moscow tremble under the wheels of his artillery, he left France less great than he found her—bleeding with her wounds, dismantled of her fortresses, naked, impoverished, and humiliated.



From Chambers' Journal.

## MADAME LOUISE. BY MRS. CROWE.

LOUIS XV. of France had, by marriage with Maria Leczinska, daughter of Stanislaus, king of Poland, two sons and several daughters. These ladies were the aunts of Louis XVI., of whom we frequently find mention made in the history of that unfortunate monarch.

Madame Louise, the heroine of our story, was one of the youngest, and was also the one that took most after her mother in character. Maria Leczinska was a pious, amiable, tender-hearted woman, and Louise resembled her in these characteristics; whilst the sort of education she received, being brought up in the abbey of Fontevault, tended very much to increase the seriousness of her natural disposition; so that, after she lost her mother, though she continued to reside with her father at Versailles, or Paris, or wherever he might be, and so lived in the court, she was not of it, nor ever imbibed a taste for its splendors or amusements, and still less for its dissipations and vices. Notwithstanding all her virtue and piety, however, Louise was a woman still, and a woman with a tender, loving heart; and in a court where there were so many gay and accomplished cavaliers, it must have been next to impossible for that loving heart to remain untouched. But poor Louise had one safeguard against love, which, pure and pious as she was, she would willingly have dispensed with—she was deformed. With a lovely and bewitching face, and eyes of inconceivable beauty, her figure was quite distorted, from the consequences of an unfortunate fall in her infancy. Without meaning to derogate from her merit, it is extremely possible that this misfortune may have considerably influenced her character, and led her to seek in heaven those consolations of the heart that she despaired of enjoying on earth.

Of course each of the princesses had a regular suite of servants, and of ladies and gentlemen in waiting; and amongst these, each had also an écuyer and a lady of honor, who were in immediate and constant attendance on their persons. The office of the écuyer was one which placed him in a peculiar situation as regarded his mistress: he placed her chair, opened the door for her, handed her up and down stairs, and accompanied her in her drives and walks, and, in short, wherever she went; so that, were it not for the respect due to royalty, it must have been difficult for a susceptible young man, or a susceptible man of any age, to be in this hourly attendance on a charming princess and retain his heart entire. The deformity of poor Madame Louise, as well as her piety, however, were perhaps thought sufficient defences against any dangers of this description, as regarded either party; for, without some such confidence, it would seem a great oversight on the part of the king to have placed in this necessarily intimate relation with her one of the most fascinating men about the court; for such, by universal admission, was the young Vicomte Anatole de Saint-Phale, who was

appointed écuyer to the princess upon the marriage, and consequent resignation, of the Baron de Brignolles.

At the time of his appointment, Saint-Phale was not much more than twenty years of age, the son of a duke, handsome, accomplished, eminently agreeable, and with a name already distinguished in arms. He had himself solicited the appointment, and it had been granted to his own wishes, and the influence of his father, without demur; Madame Louise, when the thing was mentioned to her, making no objection. Indeed she had none. The vicomte was but little known to her; for, avoiding the court festivities as much as her father would permit, and when she did attend them, appearing there rather as a spectator than a partaker—beyond the general characters and the personal appearance of the gay cavaliers of the court, she knew nothing of them. She had always heard Saint-Phale's name coupled with the most flattering epithets; she had also heard that he was brave, generous, honorable, and extravagantly beloved by his father and mother; and her own eyes had informed her that he was extremely handsome. To the latter quality she was indifferent; and the others well fitting him for his office about her person, she signed his appointment without hesitation, little dreaming at the moment that she was also signing the fiat of her own destiny. In due time the Baron de Brignolles took his leave, and the vicomte entered on his duties; and it soon appeared evident to everybody that he had not sued for the situation without a motive. The princess' lady of honor was the Comtesse de Châteaugrand, Anatole's cousin; and with her he was, to all appearance, desperately smitten. He wore her colors, as was the fashion of the gallant world at that period, paid her the most public attentions, and seemed determined not only to be violently in love, but that all the world should know it.

There was, however, nothing very surprising in this. The Comtesse de Châteaugrand was a widow with a considerable fortune, and though nearly ten years older than Anatole, she was still extremely handsome; added to which, she was very amiable, much esteemed by her mistress, and she and the young vicomte had always been on the most friendly terms. His passion, therefore, as we have said, excited no surprise in anybody; but whether the lady returned it, was altogether another affair, and was indeed a question that created considerable discussion amongst the curious in these matters.

"But she looks so happy—so calm!" said the young Duchesse de Lange.

"And why not, when she has every reason to be so?" answered the Comtesse de Guiche. "Are not his attentions unremitting? What can she desire more?"

"Ah, true," replied the other; "happy if you will, but calm!"

"Well, and why not calm?" repeated Madame de Guiche.

"Ah, one is never calm when one loves!"

returned the duchesse, with a little air of affectation.

"That is so like you!" returned the comtesse, laughing. "You are so sentimental, my dear—a real heroine of romance. I maintain that Madame de Châteaugrand is perfectly content, and that she intends in due time to reward his devotion with her hand. I am sure he deserves it. Except waiting on the princess, he never does anything in the world but attend to her caprices; and I do believe she often affects to be whimsical, for the sake of giving him occupation."

"He certainly does not seem to recollect that there is another woman in the world besides the princess and his cousin," said the duchesse, with some little spite.

Many a conversation of this nature was held almost within hearing of one of the parties concerned—namely, the vicomte—and many a jest, besides, amongst his own companions, rendered it quite impossible that he should be ignorant of the observations made upon him, and Madame de Châteaugrand; but he never showed himself disposed to resent this sort of interference, nor did it cause him to make the slightest attempt at concealing his attachment; whilst the comtesse herself, though she could not be more ignorant than he of the court gossip, appeared equally indifferent to it. The consequence was, as is usual in similar cases, that the gossip nobody seemed to care for, and which annoyed nobody, became less interesting; and gradually the *grande passion* of the Vicomte Anatole for his cousin being admitted as an established fact, whilst it was concluded, from the calmness of the lady's demeanor, that she had accepted his proposals, and that they were to be married some day, people began to think little about them; and except a hint now and then, that in all probability the true interpretation of the mystery was, that they were privately married already, very little was said.

But now there arose another bit of court gossip. "Observe, my dear," said the Duchesse de Lange, to her friend the comtesse, "how fast Madame de Châteaugrand is declining in the princess' favor!"

"I am perfectly confounded at it," returned Madame de Guiche; "for certainly her attachment to Madame Louise is very great; in short, it is devotion; and the princess herself has always, till lately, appeared to set the greatest value on it. How is it that she, who never in her life showed the slightest tendency to caprice, should begin with such an injustice towards her most faithful friend?"

"It is inconceivable!" replied the duchesse. "But what do you think the Duc d'Artois says about it?"

"Oh, the wicked man!" returned the Comtesse de Guiche, laughing; "but what does he say?"

"He says it is the attachment between her and Saint-Phale that offends the princess; that she is so rigid, that she can neither be in love herself, nor allow anybody else to be so; and that he has seen

her turn quite pale with horror at the sight of the vicomte's attentions."

"Be in love herself—certainly not," said Madame de Guiche; "besides, to what purpose, poor thing, with her unfortunate figure! But I think she is much too kind-hearted to endeavor to cross the loves of other people. However, certain it is, that she is not so fond of Madame de Châteaugrand as she was."

And so, to her great grief, thought Madame de Châteaugrand herself. Louise, the gentle, the kind, the considerate, was now often peevish, impatient, and irritable; and what rendered the change infinitely more afflicting to the comtesse was, that all these ill-humors seemed to be reserved solely for her—to every one else the princess was as gentle and forbearing as before. So she was even to her at times still; for there were moments when she appeared to be seized with remorse for her injustice, and on these occasions she would do everything in her power to make amends for it; but as these intervals did not prevent an immediate recurrence of the evil, poor Madame de Châteaugrand began to think very seriously of resigning her situation, and so she told the vicomte.

"If you do, my dear Hortense," answered he, turning as pale as if she had pronounced his sentence of death—"if you do, I am undone!"

"Why?" said the comtesse. "You need not resign because I do."

"I should not dare to remain," answered he. "Besides, it would be impossible—I know it would! I have always told you so. But for you I never could have undertaken the situation, as you well know; I should have been discovered."

"But my dear Anatole, you can hardly expect me to remain here to be miserable; and I really am so," returned Madame de Châteaugrand. "It is not that I would not bear with her humors and caprices; I love her well enough to bear with a great deal more; but to lose her friendship, her affection, her confidence, breaks my heart."

"She must be ill," said the vicomte. "Some secret malady is preying on her, I am certain. Do you observe how her cheek flushes at times, and how her hand trembles? To-day, when I handed her a glass of water, I thought she would have let it fall."

"It may be so," returned Madame de Châteaugrand. "Certain it is, that she does not sleep as she used to do—in short, I believe she is often up half the night walking about her room."

"I think his majesty should be informed of it," said the vicomte, "that he might send her his physician."

"I think so too," answered the lady; "but when I named it to her the other day, she was very angry, and forbade me to make any remarks on her; and, above all, enjoined me not to trouble her father with such nonsense."

"I am afraid her religious austerities injure her health," said Anatole.

"Apropos," returned the comtesse; "she desired me to tell you that she goes to St. Denis to

morrow immediately after breakfast, and that no one is to accompany her but you and me."

St. Denis, as is well known, is the burying-place of the royal family of France, and there, consequently, reposed the remains of Maria Leczinska, the princess' mother; and it was to her tomb that Madame Louise first proceeded alone, whilst her two attendants remained without. A long hour they waited for her; and Saint-Phale was beginning to get so alarmed at her absence, that he was just about to violate her commands by opening the gate of the sanctuary, when she came out pale and exhausted, and with evident traces of tears on her cheeks. She then entered the precincts of the convent, requesting to be conducted to the parlor. Even in a convent of holy nuns, who have abjured the world and its temptations, the *prestige* of royalty is not without its effect; and on this occasion the prioress came forth to meet the princess, whilst the sisters rushed to the corridors to get a peep at her, with as mundane a curiosity as the mob runs after a royal carriage in the streets of Paris or London. Louise looked at them benevolently; and with tears in her eyes, and a sad smile, told them how much happier they were than those who lived amongst the intrigues and turmoils of a court. "Ah, my sisters," she said, "how happy you should be! What repose of spirit you may attain to in this holy asylum!"

Alas! could she have looked into some of those hearts, what a different tale they would have told her! But when we are very miserable ourselves, that situation which presents the greatest contrast to our own is apt to appear the one most desirable.

"There is amongst you, my sisters—that is, if she be still alive—a princess, at whose profession I was present, when a child, with my mother," said Madame Louise. "Is the friend of Maria Leczinska here?"

"I am here," answered a sweet low voice.

"Clotilde de Mortemart?" said the princess inquiringly, looking in the direction of the voice.

"Formerly," answered the nun; "now Sœur Marie du Sacré Cœur."

"I would speak with you," said Madame Louise, taking her by the hand: "lead me to your cell."

Accordingly, whilst all the others retired, Sister Marie conducted her royal visitor to her little apartment.

"That stool is too inconvenient for your highness," said she, as the princess seated herself, "I will ask the prioress for a chair."

"By no means; it is what I wish," said Madame Louise. "Sit down opposite me—I want to talk to you. Nay, nay, sit!" she added, observing the hesitation of the nun. "Sit, in the name of heaven! What am I, that you should stand before me! Would to God I was as you are!"

"How, madame!" said the sister, looking surprised. "Are you not happy?"

"Friend of my mother, pity me!" exclaimed

the princess, as she threw herself into the nun's arms with a burst of passionate tears—for they were the first open demonstration of a long-suppressed grief. "Tell me," she continued, after an interval, as she raised her tearful face—"tell me, are you really happy?"

"Yes," replied Sister Marie, "very happy now."

"Would you go back again to the world; would you change, if you could?"

"No, never!" answered the nun.

"I remember your taking the veil," said Madame Louise, after an interval of silence; "and you will remember me, probably, as a child at that time?"

"Oh, yes; well, quite well, I remember you," replied the nun. "Who could forget you that had once seen you?"

"I was pretty, I believe, as a child," said Louise.

"Beautiful! angelic! as you are now, my princess!" exclaimed Sister Marie, surprised for a moment, by her enthusiasm and admiration, out of her nunlike demeanor.

"As I am now!" said Louise, fixing her eyes on the other's face.

"Pardon me!" said the nun, falling at her feet, fearing that the familiarity had offended; "it was my heart that spoke!"

"Rise, my sister," said Louise; "I am not offended; rise, and look at me!" and she threw aside the cloak which, with its ample hood, had concealed her deformity.

"Jesu Maria!" exclaimed the sister, clasping her hands.

"You are a woman—you were once young yourself, and, as I have heard, beautiful also. Judge, now, if I am happy!"

"But, my princess," answered the nun, "why not? Is there no happiness on earth, nay, even in a court, but with beauty! Besides, are you not beautiful? Ay, and a thousand times more so than hundreds that are not!"

"Deformed," rejoined Louise: "do not fear to utter the word; I repeat it to myself a hundred times a day."

"This amazes me," said Sister Marie, after a pause, whilst her countenance expressed her surprise as eloquently as words could have done. "Madame Louise, the fame of whose devotions and self-imposed austerities has reached even our secluded ears, are they but the refuge of a mortified?"

"Vanity," added the princess, as respect again caused the nun to hesitate. "Not exactly: I cannot do myself the injustice to admit that altogether, for I was pious before I knew I was deformed. It was my natural disposition to be so; and my mother, foreseeing how much I should need the consolations of religion, cultivated the feeling as long as she lived; and when I was old enough to be aware of my misfortune, I felt what a blessing it was that I had not placed my happiness in what seemed to make the happiness of the



women that surrounded me. But it was not to speak of myself that I came here," continued Madame Louise, "but to ask a favor of you. Young as I was when you took the veil, the scene made a great impression upon me; and I well remember my mother's tears as we drove back to Paris after she bade you farewell. I remember also, when I was older, hearing a motive alleged for your resolution to retire from the world, which, if it would not give you too much pain, I should be glad to learn from your own lips."

The pale cheek of the nun flushed with a faint red, as she said, "What would my princess wish to hear?"

"Is it true," said Madame Louise, "that it was an unrequited love that brought you to this place?"

"It was," answered the sister, placing her hand before her eyes.

"Excuse me," said Madame Louise; "you will think me cruel to awaken these recollections; but it must have been a bitter sorrow that could have induced you, so young, so beautiful, so highly-born, to forsake the world and become a Carmelite!"

"It was," returned the nun, "so bitter, that I felt it was turning my blood to gall; and it was not so much to flee from the misery I suffered, as from the corruption of my mind and character, that I fled from the sight of that which I could not see without evil thoughts."

"Ah, there it is! I understand that too well!" said the princess; "you were jealous!"

"I was," answered the nun; "and what made it so bitter was, that the person of whom I was jealous was the woman I loved best in the world."

"You loved Henri de Beaulieu, and he loved your cousin?" said Madame Louise. The nun covered her face with her hands and was silent.

"How cruel you must think me, to rend your heart by recalling these recollections!" continued the princess.

"It is so long since I heard that name," said Marie, "I did not think I was still so weak."

"But tell me," said Louise, seizing her hand, "did your anguish endure long after you had entered these gates? Did repose come quickly?"

"Slowly, slowly, but surely," returned the nun with a sigh. "Till I had taken the irrevocable vow, I had a severe struggle; but I never wavered in the conviction that I had done wisely; for it was only by this living death I could have ever conquered myself. Dreadful temptations had sometimes assailed me whilst I saw them together. Here I saw nothing—heard nothing; and my better nature revived and conquered at last."

"I see," said the princess, rising: "I comprehend it all!" and then embracing her, she added, "Pardon me the pain I have given you: it has not been without a motive. We shall meet again ere long."

On the following day, Madame Louise requested a private interview with the king, for the purpose of obtaining his permission to join the Carmelites

of St. Denis. Louis was at first extremely unwilling to hear of the proposal. Louise was his favorite daughter; and he not only did not like to part with her, but he feared that her delicate health would soon sink under the austerities of so rigid an order. But her determination was taken; and at length, by her perseverance, and the repeated assurance that she was not, nor ever could be, happy in the world, she extracted his unwilling consent. She even avowed to him that, besides her own private griefs, the being obliged to witness his irregularities afflicted her severely; and as she believed that to immure herself in a convent, where she could devote her life to prayer, was a sacrifice pleasing to the Almighty, she hoped by these means to expiate her father's errors, as well as attain peace for herself. Fearing the opposition she might meet with from the rest of her family, however, she entreated the king's silence, whilst she herself communicated her resolution to nobody except the Archbishop of Paris; and he having obtained his majesty's consent in form, Madame Louise at length, on the 11th of April, 1770, at eight o'clock in the morning, bade adieu to Versailles forever. Accompanied by the vicomte and Madame de Châteaugrand, to whom, since her former visit to the convent, she had been all kindness, she stepped into her carriage, and drove to St. Denis. As by taking the veil she renounced all earthly distinctions, and amongst the rest that of being buried with the royal family of France, she now visited those vaults for the last time; and having knelt for some minutes at the tomb of her mother, she repaired to the convent, leaving her two attendants in the carriage. The abbot, who, having been apprized by the archbishop, was in waiting to conduct her to the parlor, now addressed several questions to her with respect to her vocation, representing to her the extreme austerity of the order, which was indeed a sort of female La Trappe. She answered him with unshaken firmness; and then, without once looking behind her, she passed into the cloister, where the prioress and the sisterhood were informed of the honor that awaited them. She proceeded to the chapel, where a mass was performed; and having thus, as it were, sealed her determination, she requested that her two attendants might be conducted to the parlor, whilst she, through the grate which now separated her from the world, told them that they were to return to Paris without her.

The effect of this unexpected intelligence on Madame de Châteaugrand was no more than the princess had anticipated. She wept, entreated, and expostulated: but the Vicomte de Saint-Phale, after standing for a moment as if transfixed, fell flat upon his face to the ground. Amazed and agitated at so unexpected a result, the princess was only restrained by the grating which separated them from flying to his assistance; but before she could sufficiently recollect herself to resolve what to do, the prioress, fearing the effect of so distressing a scene at such a moment, came and led her away to her own apartments.

It would be difficult to describe the state of the princess' mind at that moment. The anguish expressed by Saint-Phale's countenance could not be mistaken. He that she had supposed would be utterly indifferent to her loss! Why should it affect him thus, when he had still with him his love, the chosen of his heart—Hortense de Châteaugrand! She did not know what to think: but certain it is, that the resolution which had been so unflinching an hour before, might perhaps, but for *pride*, have been now broken. With a bewildered mind and a heavy heart she retired to her cell, and there kneeling, she prayed to God to help her through this last struggle.

From that time nothing more was known with respect to Madame Louise till six months afterwards, when, her novitiate being completed, she made her profession. On that morning the humble cell inhabited by the princess exhibited a very unusual appearance: robes of gold and silver brocade, pearls and diamonds, and a splendid lace veil, were spread upon the narrow couch. In this magnificent attire she was for the last time to appear before the world, and for the last time her own women were in attendance to superintend her toilet. When she was dressed, everybody was struck with her beauty; and as she wore a superb cloak, the only defect of her person was concealed.

Of course the profession of a "daughter of France" was an event to create a great sensation. All Paris turned out to see the show, and the road from thence to St. Denis was one unbroken line of carriages. Mounted officers were to be seen in all directions, the royal guard surrounded the abbey, and the pope's nuncio came from Rome to perform the ceremony.

On this solemn occasion, of course the attendance of the princess' écuyer and lady of honor was considered indispensable, and Louise had prepared herself to see them both; but instead of Saint-Phale, to her surprise she beheld advancing to offer his arm her former attendant, the Baron de Brignolles. A pang of disappointment shot through her heart: *he* had not cared, then, to see her for this last time, and she should behold him no more! She felt that she turned pale and trembled, and she could not trust her voice to inquire the cause of his absence; but De Brignolles took an opportunity of saying, that hearing the vicomte was too ill to attend, he had requested permission to resume his service for this occasion. Louise bowed her head in silence—she durst not speak.

At that solemn ceremony were present Louis XVI., then dauphin of France; Marie-Antoinette, the queen of beauty, and the idol of the French nation; the Comte de Provence, afterwards Louis XVIII.; and the Comte d'Artois, who subsequently, as Charles X., likewise lost the throne.

After an eloquent discourse by the Bishop of Troyes, which drew tears from every eye, the princess retired for a few moments, and presently reappeared, stript of her splendor, shorn of her beautiful hair, and clothed in the habit of the or-

der. She was then stretched on the earth, covered with a pall, and the prayers for the dead pronounced over her. When she arose, the curtain which closed the entrance to the interior of the convent was lifted, and every eye was fixed on it as she passed through the opening, to return to the world no more. As that curtain fell behind her, a fearful cry echoed through the vaulted roof of the abbey, and a gentleman was observed to be carried out of the church by several persons who immediately surrounded him. Every one, however, was too much occupied with his own feelings at the moment to inquire who it was. On the ear of the new-made nun alone the voice struck familiarly; or perhaps it was not her ear, but her heart, that told her it was the voice of Saint-Phale.

Louise was a Carmelite; the profligacies of the king and the court proceeded as before; Madame de Châteaugrand, instead of marrying her cousin Saint-Phale, married M. de Rivrement, to whom it appeared she had been long engaged; and Saint-Phale himself, after a long and severe illness, which endangered his life, quitted France for Italy, whither he was sent for the sake of the climate. At length, in 1777, when Lafayette astonished the world by his expedition to America, the vicomte astonished his friends no less by returning suddenly from the south, in order to join it; and in spite of the entreaties of his relations, he executed his design, and there he fell at the battle of Monmouth in the year 1778.

He did not, however, die in the field, but lingered some days before he expired; during which interval he wrote farewell letters to his father and mother; and one also, which he entreated the latter to deliver according to its address, which was to "The Sister Thérèse de Saint Augustin, formerly Madame Louise de France."

As soon as the poor bereaved mother had sufficiently recovered the shock of this sad news, she hastened to St. Denis to fulfil her son's injunction; and the Sister Thérèse, having obtained permission of the superior, received and opened the letter. The first words were an entreaty that she would listen to the prayer of a dying man, who could never offend her again; and read the lines that followed. He then went on to say that from his earliest youth he had loved her; and that it was to be near her, without exciting observation, that he had solicited the situation of écuyer; but knowing that from the inequality of their conditions, his love must be forever hopeless, he had studiously concealed it from its object. No one had ever penetrated his secret but Madame de Châteaugrand. He concluded by saying, that when that curtain hid her from his view on the day of her profession, he had felt the world contained nothing more for him, and that he had ever since earnestly desired that death which he had at length found on the field of battle, and which he had gone to America on purpose to seek; and asking her blessing and her prayers, he bade her farewell forever.

Poor Louise! poor Therèse! poor nun! poor Carmelite! For a moment she forgot that she was the three last, to remember only that she had been the first; and falling on her knees, and clasping those thin transparent hands, wasted by woe and vigils, she exclaimed with a piercing cry, "Then he loved me after all!"

Rigid as were the poor nun's notions of the duty of self-abnegation, such a feeling as this was one to be expiated by confession and penance; but as nuns are still women, it was not in the nature of things that she should not be the happier for the conviction that her love had been returned—nay, more than returned, for Saint-Phale had loved her first; and if she had forsaken the world for his sake, he had requited the sacrifice by dying for her. It was a balm even to that pious spirit to

know that she, the deformed, the *bossue*, as she called herself, who had thought it impossible she could inspire affection, had been the chosen object of this devoted passion.

Madame Louise survived her lover nine years; and they were much calmer and happier years than those that preceded his death. She could now direct her thoughts wholly to the skies, for there she hoped and believed he was: and since human nature, as we have hinted before, *will* be human nature within the walls of a convent as well as outside of them, she had infinitely more comfort and consolation in praying for the repose of his soul in heaven, than she could have had in praying for his happiness on earth—provided he had sought that happiness in the arms of Madame de Château-grand, or any other fair lady.

IMAGINATION AND SCIENTIFIC INVENTION.—We see that a passage excavated by a correspondent of our own from Addison's writings in the *Spectator*, about Strada and his foreshadowing of a kind of magnetic telegraph, has reappeared in other journals. Strada supposed that two dial-plates at a distance from each might be so connected that certain "sympathetic needles" should mark corresponding movements on the dials, and thus work much as our electric telegraph does. In a Pepysian mood, it is amusing to note these coincidences; but regarding them more seriously, we should much misinterpret their true significance if we supposed them to detract from the merit of a real discoverer.

Perhaps there is no invention that may not, in some vague form, have come within the wide range of human imagination. Gunpowder is lost in antiquity; steam has been traced to Aristotle; ether, or the newer and still more magic chloroform, only realizes many a "spell" of Eastern fiction. As science advances into a knowledge of the properties of things, a dim foresight of what may hereafter be effected dawns upon the understanding. To realize a discovery, especially in mechanics, needs a highly cultivated exact knowledge; but that alone will seldom suffice to make a discoverer: besides mere mechanical knowledge, he requires also the faculty of imagination, which is necessary to enable him to conceive beforehand the operation or the engine that his exact knowledge is requisite to work out. Most discoverers have been men remarkable for some kind of "enthusiasm," "eccentricity," "strangeness," or "fancifulness;" which has often been pitied as a weakness. For plodding minds are not aware that half the faculty of the scientific discoverer is derived from the despised region of poetry.—*Spectator*.

AN IRISH CHURCHMAN FIFTY YEARS SINCE.—The dean was the son of a favorite butler of the lord-lieutenant of Ireland. He inherited the talents of his father, for he was an excellent judge of claret. In other respects, he had no particular qualification for the established church. This one, however, proved sufficient; for he eventually contrived to become Archbishop of ——. Well and truly did my father say, that the church was an excellent profession for young men with good family interest and of tory principles.

The dean was disposed to be an optimist. In truth, he had good reason for inclining to that doc-

trine, for he was one of Fortune's favorites. He thought there was no reason to despair of Ireland as long as the tithes were regularly paid. That was his test of the moral, financial, and political state of the country. It was one in which he had some personal interest, for his living was worth about 4,000*l.* a year. He was well paid for his work; which consisted in the salvation of the souls of Mr. Brereton and Mr. Lucifer, together with their establishments, and three serious washerwomen who lived in the village of Lodore. Altogether, his flock amounted to nearly twenty individuals. The Roman Catholics of his parish mustered their thousands; but with them the dean held no communion by word or deed.

#### CONSOLATIONS FOR THE LONELY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a land where beauty cannot fade,  
Nor sorrow dim the eye;  
Where true love shall not droop, nor be dismayed,  
And none shall ever die!  
Where is that land, O where!  
For I would hasten there;  
Tell me—I fain would go,  
For I am weary with a heavy woe!  
The beautiful have left me all alone;  
The true, the tender, from my path have gone!  
O guide me with thy hand,  
If thou dost know that land,  
For I am burdened with oppressive care,  
And I am weak and fearful with despair.  
Where is it! Tell me where.

Friend, thou must trust in him who trod before  
The desolate paths of life;  
Must bear in meekness, as he meekly bore,  
Sorrow, and pain, and strife!  
Think how the Son of God  
These thorny paths hath trod;  
Think how he longed to go,  
Yet tarried out, for thee, the appointed woe.  
Think of his weariness in places dim,  
Where no man comforted or cared for him!  
Think of the blood-like sweat,  
With which his brow was wet;  
Yet how he prayed unaided and alone,  
In that great agony, "Thy will be done!"  
Friend, do not thou despair;  
Christ, from his heaven of heavens, will hear thy prayer!



From Chambers' Journal.

## JOSEPH TRAIN'S ACCOUNT OF THE ISLE OF MAN.\*

THE name of Mr. Train has become widely known, in consequence of the acknowledgment of Sir Walter Scott of the obligations he lay under to him for hints towards sundry of the Waverley Novels. Now passing into the vale of years, after a creditable fulfilment of all the common duties of life, he appears to us as an admirable specimen of the genius of self-taught and self-raised men. While possessed of strong poetical tastes, he has gone beyond the ordinary range of his class in a zealous cultivation of historical antiquities, of which we have here goodly proof in two volumes, embracing all that can be desired of the past and present of the Isle of Man. We delight to see the worthy veteran successfully bringing so laborious a task to a close.

The very peculiar history of this little outlying portion of the empire; its long possession of an independent race of princes; its retaining even till now institutions proper to itself—render it an object of curiosity beyond any similar space of British ground. Mr. Train has done all that we should think possible in recovering its early annals, and throwing them into an intelligible narrative; a sad view they give of bloody wars and popular sufferings. A portion of his work, devoted to the superstitions, the manners and customs of the people, is more attractive to the general reader. Statistics, however, and even the natural history of the island, are not overlooked. The author seems to have aimed at exhausting the subject in all respects, and he has pretty well succeeded in his purpose.

Man comprises two hundred square miles, much of it hilly and waste, and about fifty thousand inhabitants. With lighter taxation than England, it returns about £70,000 of revenue. The people are Celtic, and speak a language resembling the Gaelic of our Scottish Highlanders. They have retained old customs and superstitions longer than any other people under the British crown. Will it be believed that the kindling of Baal fires—that is, celebrating the anniversary of the pagan god Baal or Bel—was observed on the 1st of May, 1837! Or that a trial, equivalent to a trial for witchcraft, went on before a jury of Manxmen in December, 1843! On this occasion, while a poor woman was in the course of being asked if she ever came in *any shape or form* to do John Quine an injury, a wag let loose a rabbit in the court, when all became extreme confusion, and the jury, with eyes staring, hair on end, and mouths distorted, exclaimed, "The witch! the witch!" nor was the uproar quieted, till one of the crowd seized and killed the animal. There still survives in this island, in the same latitude with the county of Cumberland, a fairy doctor of the name of Teare, who is resorted to when all other aid fails. "The messenger that is despatched to him on such occa-

sions is neither to eat nor drink by the way. nor even to tell any person his mission; the recovery is said to be perceptible from the time the case is stated to him." Farmers delay their sowing till Teare can come to bless the seed. Mr. Train has seen and conversed with this strange pretender.

"The first time I saw him he was mounted on a little Manx pony, that seemed aware of its master having neither whip nor spur to quicken its pace, as it moved very tardily along the wayside. The seer is a little man, far advanced into the vale of life; in appearance he was healthy and active; he wore a low-crowned slouched hat, evidently too large for his head, with a broad brim; his coat, of an old-fashion make, with his vest and breeches, were all of loaghtyn wool, which had never undergone any process of dyeing; his shoes, also, were of a color not to be distinguished from his stockings, which were likewise of loaghtyn wool.

"Mr. Kelly, chief magistrate of Castletown, was kindly driving me in his gig to Port St. Mary, whither also Mr. Teare was proceeding; and where, he informed us, he was to remain for the night. Aware that it was not agreeable to many, even of the most intelligent Manxmen, to hear direct allusions made by a stranger to any of the superstitious observances of the lower orders of the people, I avoided as much as possible making any inquiries that might give offence. Mr. Kelly, seeing, however, from the nature of my questions, and from my travelling in the mountains, and associating with the peasantry, that my chief object was to become acquainted with all the existing peculiarities of the people, on our arrival at the inn generously introduced me to the great fairy doctor, as a person eminently qualified to give me all the statistical information which the island could afford. After communicating to the seer my object in visiting the island, Mr. Kelly remarked with a magisterial air, 'I know, Mr. Teare, that by probing the secret springs of nature, you can either accelerate, retard, or turn aside at pleasure the natural course of events, but you must make oath before me, in presence of this stranger, that you never call evil spirits to your assistance.' The seer assented, and the oath was administered with due solemnity by the magistrate, who, after listening to some singular stories from the doctor, departed for Castletown, leaving us to spend the evening together. There was a pithy quaintness in the doctor's conversation, and his answers were generally couched in idiomatic proverbialisms. He said he was required by his professional business to travel more than any person in the island, and when I expressed my surprise at a person of his advanced years enduring such fatigue, he replied, 'The crab that lies always in its hole is never fat.'"

The promptings of superstition are often cruel: there is a notable instance in the Manx custom of hunting the wren on St. Stephen's day, when the populace go about with a captive bird of that species, distributing its feathers as charms against

\* Two volumes, 8vo. Douglas, Isle of Man. Published by Mary A. Quiggin, North Quay. London: Simpkin, Marshall and Co., 1845.

witchcraft, after which they inter it on the sea-shore. Often, again, there is a strange wild beauty in superstitious ideas, as in the following case:—"On New-Year's eve, in many of the upland cottages, it is yet customary for the house-wife, after raking the fire for the night, and just before stepping into bed, to spread the ashes smooth over the floor with the tongs, in the hope of finding in it next morning the track of a foot; should the toes of this ominous print point towards the door, then it is believed a member of the family will die in the course of that year; but should the heel of the fairy foot point in that direction, then it is as firmly believed that the family will be augmented within the same period." There was once a mighty enchantress in the island. "By her alluring arts, she ensnared the hearts of so many men around where she resided, causing them to neglect their usual occupations, that the country presented a scene of utter desolation. They neither ploughed nor sowed; their gardens were all overgrown with weeds, their once fertile fields were covered with stones, their cattle died for want of pasture, and their turf lay undug in the commons. This universal charmer having brought things to such a deplorable crisis, under pretence of making a journey to a distant part of the island, set out on a milk-white palfrey, accompanied by her admirers on foot, till, having led them into a deep river, she drowned six hundred of the best men the island had ever seen, and then flew away in the shape of a bat. To prevent the recurrence of a like disaster, these wise people ordained that their women should henceforth *go on foot and follow the men*, which custom is so religiously observed, that if by chance a woman is observed walking before a man, whoever sees her cries out immediately, '*Tehi! Tehi!*' which, it seems, was the name of the enchantress who occasioned this law."

The supposition that fairies sometimes took away mortal babes, and left their own wretched offspring in their place, is perhaps now declined in Man, as in other places; but it was rife a century ago. Waldron, who wrote a book on Man, published in 1732, gives the following account:—"I was prevailed on," says he, "to go and see a child, who, they told me, was one of these changelings; and indeed must own, was not a little surprised as well as shocked at the sight. Nothing under heaven could have a more beautiful face; but though between five and six years old, and seemingly healthy, he was so far from being able to walk or stand, that he could not so much as move any one joint. His limbs were vastly long for his age, but smaller than an infant's of six months; his complexion was perfectly delicate, and he had the finest hair in the world. He never spoke nor cried, ate scarce anything, and was very seldom seen to smile; but if any one called him a *fairy elf*, he would frown and fix his eyes so earnestly on those who said it, as if he would look them through. His mother, or at least his supposed mother, being very poor, frequently went out a

charing, and left him a whole day together. The neighbors, out of curiosity, have often looked in at the window to see how he behaved when alone, which, whenever they did, they were sure to find him laughing, and in the utmost delight. This made them judge that he was not without company more pleasing to him than any mortals could be; and what made this conjecture seem the more reasonable was, that if he were left ever so dirty, the woman, at her return, saw him with a clean face, and his hair combed with the utmost exactness and nicety."

In accounts of customs from different districts, one is perpetually called on to wonder at the parities observable in many small matters. We are told by Mr. Train, that "formerly weddings were generally preceded by musicians playing the *Black and the Gray*, the only tune struck up on such occasions." What this tune may be we cannot tell—probably it is not now recoverable; but what is very curious, it was the tune which was played at weddings by the last piper of Peebles, who died upwards of forty years ago.

Peel Castle, on the west side of the island, is the locality of a strange tradition, which Mr. Train quotes from his predecessor Waldron. "There was formerly a passage to the apartment belonging to the captain of the guard; but it is now closed up; the reason they give you for it is a pretty odd one. They say that an apparition, called in the Manx language the *Moddey Doo*, in the shape of a large black spaniel, with curled shaggy hair, was used to haunt Peel Castle; and has been frequently seen in every room, but particularly in the guard-chamber, where, as soon as the candles were lighted, it came and lay down before the fire, in presence of the soldiers, who at length, by being so much accustomed to the sight of it, lost great part of the terror they were seized with at its first appearance. They still, however, retained a certain awe, as believing it was an evil spirit, which only waited permission to do them hurt; and for that reason forbore swearing and profane discourse while in its company. But though they endured the shock of such a guest when all together in a body, none cared to be left alone with it. It being the custom, therefore, for one of the soldiers to lock the gates of the castle at a certain hour, and carry the keys to the captain, to whose apartment the way led through the church, they agreed among themselves that whoever was to succeed the ensuing night his fellow in this errand, should accompany him that went first, and by this means no man would be exposed singly to danger; for I forgot to mention, that the *Moddey Doo* was always seen to come out from that passage at the close of day, and return to it again as soon as morning dawned; which made them look on this place as its peculiar residence. One night a fellow being drunk, and by the strength of his liquor rendered more daring than ordinarily, laughed at the simplicity of his companions; and although it was not his turn to go with the keys, would needs

take that office upon him, to testify his courage. All the soldiers endeavored to dissuade him; but the more they said, the more resolute he seemed, and swore that he desired nothing more than that the Moddey Doo would follow him as it had done the others, for he would try whether it were dog or devil.

"After having talked in a very reprobate manner for some time, he snatched up the keys, and went out of the guard-room. In some time after his departure a great noise was heard, but nobody had the boldness to see what occasioned it, till, the adventurer returning, they demanded the knowledge of him; but as loud and noisy as he had been at leaving them, he was now become sober and silent enough, for he was never heard to speak more; and though all the time he lived, which was three days, he was entreated by all who came near him to speak, or if he could not do that, to make some signs by which they might understand what had happened to him, yet nothing intelligible could be got from him, only that, by the distortions of his limbs and features, it might be guessed that he died in agonies more than is common in natural death. The Moddey Doo was, however, never after seen in the castle, nor would any one attempt to go through that passage; for which reason it was closed up, and another way made. This accident happened about threescore years since."

In zoology, the island has, or had, some peculiar features. The native sheep, called the Loaghtyn, of mean appearance, with high back, narrow ribs, and tail like that of a goat, finds a fit associate in the poor little stunted pony. There was once a peculiar variety of the wild boar in Man—called the *purr*—of a gray sandy color, spotted with black. It ran wild in the mountains, and was a destructive creature. "The last purr had a den in the mountain of South Barrule, whence he sallied forth almost daily into some of the surrounding valleys in search of prey. In summer, a fold was no barrier to his killing and carrying off both sheep and lambs. In winter, impelled perhaps by hunger, he became so daring, that every adjoining farm-yard was the scene of his depredations. At last the people rose to drive the enemy from his strong-hold, and besetting him with the fiercest dogs that could be procured, they succeeded in hunting him over the high cliffs of Brada Head, where he was killed by falling amongst the rocks, ere he reached the sea below." It is a little known, but curious fact, that the cats of the Isle of Man have no tail, and at most a mere rudiment of caudal vertebra. They are called rumpies, and are excellent mousers. Mr. Train, after keeping one for four years, expresses his belief that it is a hybrid animal, between the cat and rabbit; but, from the decided diversity of these species, we feel inclined to pronounce very confidently that no such union could take place.

In agriculture, the Manxmen are, or at a very recent period were, much behind their fellow-countrymen of Britain. Their field implements were extremely rude, and they carried manure to

the field and brought home their crops in creels on the backs of horses. Mr. Train, however, alleges that they were willing to do better; and he relates the following curious anecdote, with which we conclude:—"That the Manx were acquainted with the process of preparing shell lime for building, may be inferred from its being used in the walls of the old fortifications; stone lime, on the contrary, was wholly unknown to them. In the year 1642, Governor Greenhalgh made an ineffectual attempt to introduce the practice of using lime as manure; but he had no sooner built a kiln, than it was circulated as an article of news that the deputy-governor was actually engaged in a project to burn stones for the improvement of the land. The people hastened in crowds to witness the result of this wonderful process, and probably not without some doubts of the governor's sanity. When, however, they beheld large masses reduced to powder by the action of fire, they eagerly resolved to profit by an example from which they expected the most beneficial results. *Earth pots*, as they were termed, were raised in all parts of the island, in which every kind of stone, flint, slate, or pebble, were indiscriminately subjected to the process of burning. As might have been expected, their efforts were fruitless; but for the ill success which attended their exertions, they were at no loss to find an infallible cause—that the governor had intercourse with the fairies, by whose agency his minerals were converted into powder, whilst those of the more upright native islanders were only condensed to a greater degree of hardness. Of this curious fact many evidences still remain. Large quantities of calcined stones are frequently found in different parts of the island."

From Chambers' Journal.

#### ORIGIN OF THE RAILWAY SYSTEM.

It is now about twenty-eight years since a thoughtful man, travelling in the north of England on commercial business, stood looking at a small train of coal-wagons impelled by steam along a tramroad which connected the mouth of one of the collieries of that district with the wharf at which the coals were shipped. "Why," he asked of the engineer, "are not these tramroads laid down all over England, so as to supersede our common roads, and steam-engines employed to convey goods and passengers along them, so as to supersede horse-power?" The engineer looked at the questioner with the corner of his eye. "Just propose you that to the nation, sir, and see what you will get by it! Why, sir, you will be worried to death for your pains." Nothing more was said; but the intelligent traveller did not take the engineer's warning. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—the idea he had conceived continued to infest his brain, and would not be driven out. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!—he would talk of nothing else with his friends. Tramroads, locomotive steam-engines, horse-power superseded!



—he at length broached the scheme openly ; first to public men by means of letters and circulars, and afterwards to the public itself by means of a printed book. Hardly anybody would listen to him ; the engineer's words seemed likely to prove true. Still he persevered, holding the public by the button, as it were, and dinning into its ears the same wearisome words. From public political men, including the cabinet ministers of the day, he received little encouragement ; a few influential commercial men, however, began at length to be interested in his plan. Persons of eminence took it up, and advocated it almost as enthusiastically as the original proprietor. It having thus been *proved*, according to Dogberry's immortal phrase, that the scheme was a good scheme, it soon went near to be *thought* so. Capital came to its aid. The consequence was, that in 1826 parliament passed an act authorizing the construction of the first British railway, properly so called—that between Liverpool and Manchester. Four years afterwards, in September, 1830, the railway was opened. What advances the system has made since, every one knows. Railways have been constructed, or are in progress, in all parts of the civilized world ; philosophers have already begun to speculate on the astonishing effects which such a means of rapid locomotion must have on the character and prospects of the whole human race ; by means of railways, Europe is becoming a familiar country to us all, and the planet itself an imaginable round thing ; and the only question is, where will this railway-impulse end ?—into what strange condition of humanity is it leading us ? And the beginning of all this was the dream of a thoughtful man, looking, about twenty-eight years ago, at some coal-wagons running along a tramroad to a wharf.

The name of this projector of a general railway system of transit is Thomas Gray, and he is still alive. We have now before us a copy of the work in which he first explained his scheme to the public. The first edition of it was published in 1820, and the title under which it made its appearance was as follows :—"Observations on a general iron railway, or land steam conveyance, to supersede the necessity of horses in all public vehicles ; showing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful methods of conveyance by turnpike roads, canals, and coasting traders ; containing every species of information relative to railroads and locomotive engines." There is now a sort of quaint historic interest in turning to this book, to see the manner in which objects familiar to us were first represented to the incredulous imagination of the public. Prefixed to it there is a plate, exhibiting carriages of different constructions, drawn along on railways by locomotives. The carriages of one of the sets strike the eye curiously, as being made on the model of a common stage-coach, with inside and outside passengers, luggage on the top, a guard behind with his horn, and actually, in one instance, (though this seems done in irony,) a person occupying the

driver's box with a little whip in his hand. On this plate are engraved the following couplets—

"No speed with this can fleetest horse compare ;  
No weight like this canal or vessel bear.  
As this will commerce every way promote,  
To this let sons of commerce grant their vote."

These verses at least show the enthusiasm of the projector ; but one must be acquainted with the contents of the book throughout fully to appreciate Mr. Gray's merits. Suffice it to say that, except in the matter of the speed attainable on the proposed roads, which experience has proved to be much greater than Mr. Gray dared to hope, the case for a general railway system of transit, as here stated, is as complete as, with all our acquired knowledge of the reality, we could now make it. It may be even doubted whether we have yet completely realized the suggestions of this volume ; and the system of main trunk lines laid down in it for Great Britain and Ireland, and illustrated by an engraved chart, is probably superior in some respects to that which has been actually adopted.

Railways, it is almost unnecessary to inform our readers, were in use long before the general system of transit by their means as proposed by Mr. Gray. They were first used, about a hundred and eighty years ago, to facilitate the transport of coals from the north of England collieries to the shipping places on the Tyne. The first railways were merely wooden wheelways, laid in the ordinary roads to lessen the friction and render the work easier for the horse. The advantage was so great, that various improvements were gradually introduced with a view to increase it to the utmost. About the middle of last century, the following was the mode of preparing a tramroad or railway :—The road having been rendered as nearly level throughout as possible, rough wooden logs, called *sleepers*, each about six feet long, were imbedded in it transversely, at distances of about three feet. Along these were laid the wooden rails, pegged down to the sleepers, so as to form a wheelway about four feet wide. The wheels of the wagons were provided with a flange, so as to keep them from slipping off the rails. Each wagon was pulled by a single horse ; and as the inclination of the road was usually from the pit mouth to the wharf, the loaded wagons had the advantage of the descent, while, in ascending, the horse had to pull only empty wagons. When the difference of level between the pit mouth and the wharf was very great, it was usual to manage the transport, not by making the road of the necessary uniform inclination throughout, but by inserting here and there a steep inclined plane, which the wagons descended by their own weight, the rest of the way being tolerably level. By a contrivance introduced towards the end of the century, many of these inclined planes were made *self-acting*—that is, were so constructed, that the loaded wagons descending pulled up the returning empty wagons. At others, the return-wagons were pulled up by a

stationary steam-engine. Sometimes there was an inclined plane, terminating in a spout at the shipping place, along which the coals were shot straight into the hold of the vessel lying under the river bank.

In 1767, the experiment was tried at the Colebrook iron-works of covering the wooden rails of a tramroad with a plating of iron. The experiment was so successful, that some years afterwards rails wholly of cast-iron began to be constructed. About the year 1793, also, wooden sleepers began to be superseded by stone ones—blocks of stone laid down underneath the joinings of the rails. Till 1801, the rails were all of the kind called the *flat-rail*, or tram-plate, consisting of plates of cast-iron about three feet long, from three to five inches broad, and from half an inch to an inch thick, with a flange or turn-up on the inside. About that year, however, *edge-rails* began to be used—these edge-rails being bars of cast-iron about three feet long each, laid on their edges, the flange in this case being on the wheel.

The value of the improvements which had thus been gradually introduced during the course of a century and a half may be judged of from the fact, that on a good edge railway, such as was to be found in the beginning of the present century, *ten* horses could do an amount of work, which, on a common road, would require the strength of *four hundred*. "Iron railways were, in consequence, quickly introduced into all the coal and mining districts of the kingdom. They were employed on canals in place of locks, to raise the barges on an inclined plane from a lower to a higher level; in some cases they were adopted in preference to the canal itself; and, on the whole, they began to form an important auxiliary to inland navigation, pushing the channels of trade and intercourse into districts otherwise inaccessible, and even into the interior of the mines." Scarcely any two of these railways were alike in all particulars.

All this while horse-power continued to be the only motive force employed, except at those inclined planes already mentioned. Thus horses and steam-engines shared the work between them. The idea of uniting the two into one, so as to produce a locomotive steam-engine, or a steam-horse, was a more recent one. Watt had, indeed, in one of his patents, dated 1784, suggested a plan for imparting to the steam-engine the animal's faculty of locomotion; but it was not till 1802 that experiments with a view to the construction of an efficient locomotive engine were commenced. The first locomotives put upon trial were those of the engineers Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian. The objection to them was, that there was not sufficient adhesion between the wheels and the rails, so that, if the velocity were at all great, the former would revolve without advancing the vehicle. To remedy this inconvenience, various plans were devised, among which that of Mr. Blenkinsop obtained the greatest celebrity. His plan consisted in making the rails notched, and the wheels with teeth, so that they continued to work in a rack all along the road.

One of Mr. Blenkinsop's engines of four horses' power impelled a carriage lightly loaded at the rate of ten miles an hour; attached to thirty coal wagons, it went at one third of that pace. Fortunately, however, it was soon discovered that the conclusion on which Mr. Blenkinsop and others had been proceeding—namely, that the amount of adhesion was insufficient between a smooth wheel and a smooth rail—was a hasty one; and that, provided the road were tolerably level, the amount of adhesion between such a wheel and such a rail was quite sufficient to insure propulsion. Satisfied on this point, engineers devoted their attention more especially to the improvement of the locomotive itself. The difficulties of various kinds, however, which presented themselves were great; and the horses of England continued to flatter themselves that they would be able to retain the monopoly of locomotion; and that, although steam-engines might work well enough in chains at inclined plains, *they* should still have the run of the country.

Such was the state of matters about the year 1819–20, when Mr. Gray appeared in the field; a great number of tramroads had been laid down in particular districts of the island, along which horses and stationary steam-engines were pulling wagons, while here and there a solitary locomotive snorted along, trying its powers. Locomotives *versus* horses, and railways *versus* turnpikes and canals—such was the question at issue. Mr. Gray's merit consisted not in effecting actual improvements of construction in either locomotives or railways—that was the work of Stephenson, and other eminent engineers—but in stating the question to the country, in foreseeing the issue, and in boldly imagining the time when the whole island should be covered with a net-work of these tramroads, when locomotives should scamper through the country as plentiful as horses, and when canals, stage-coaches, and turnpike trusts, should be all swamped in a general iron railway. Glimmerings of this idea may have appeared before in other minds. "You must be making handsomely out with your canals," said some one to the celebrated canal-making Duke of Bridgewater. "Oh, yes," grumbled he, in reply, "they will last my time; but I don't like the look of these tramroads; there's mischief in them." What the shrewd duke foresaw, others also may have casually anticipated; but Mr. Gray was the first man to realize the whole extent of the change, and to advocate it; and although this change would doubtless have effected itself in any case, yet the first man who conceived it, and called the attention of the nation to the subject, deserves distinction. To say that the change would have *effected itself*, is merely to say that if Mr. Gray's mind had not conceived it so fast, five or six other minds would have conceived it more slowly.

A circumstance which favored Mr. Gray's proposal was, that about the time it was first made, or a little later, rails began to be formed of malleable instead of cast-iron; the malleable possess-

ing two decided advantages for the purpose over the east—first, in being less apt to break; and, second, in being capable of being made in greater lengths of bar.

Mr. Gray, in his volume, dashes at once into the midst of his subject; and his readers twenty-six years ago must have been much surprised by such passages as the following:—"The plan," he says, "might be commenced between the towns of Manchester and Liverpool, where a trial could soon be made, as the distance is not very great; and the commercial part of England would thereby be better able to appreciate its many excellent properties, and prove its efficacy. All the great trading towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire would then eagerly embrace the opportunity to secure so commodious and easy a conveyance, and cause branch railways to be laid down in every possible direction. The convenience and economy in the carriage of the raw material to the numerous manufactories established in these counties, the expeditious and cheap delivery of piece goods bought by the merchants every week at the various markets, and the despatch in forwarding bales and packages to the outposts, cannot fail to strike the merchant and manufacturer as points of the first importance. Nothing, for example, would be so likely to raise the ports of Hull, Liverpool, and Bristol to an unprecedented pitch of prosperity, as the establishment of railways to these ports, thereby rendering the communication from the east to the west seas, and all intermediate places, rapid, cheap, and effectual. Any one at all conversant with commerce must feel the vast importance of such an undertaking in forwarding the produce of America, Brazil, the East and West Indies, &c., from Liverpool and Bristol *via* Hull, to the opposite shores of Germany and Holland; and, *vice versa*, the produce of the Baltic *via* Hull to Liverpool and Bristol." Again—"By the establishment of morning and evening mail steam-carriages, the commercial interest would derive considerable advantage; the inland mails might be forwarded with greater despatch, and the letters delivered much earlier than by the extra post; the opportunities of correspondence between London and all mercantile places would be much improved, and the rate of postage might be generally diminished without injuring the receipts of the post-office, because any deficiency occasioned by a reduction in the postage would be made good by the increased number of journeys which mail steam-carriages might make. The London and Edinburgh mail steam-carriages might take all the mails and parcels on the line of road between these two cities, which would exceedingly reduce the expense occasioned by mail-coaches on the present footing. The ordinary stage-coaches, caravans, or wagons, running any considerable distance along the main railway, might also be conducted on peculiarly favorable terms to the public; for instance, one steam-engine of superior power would enable its proprietors to convey several coaches, caravans, or wagons linked together, until they arrive at their respective branches, where

other engines might proceed on with them to their destination. By a due regulation of the departure and arrival of coaches, caravans, and wagons, along these branches, the whole communication throughout the country would be so simple and so complete, as to enable every individual to partake of the various productions of particular situations, and to enjoy, at a moderate expense, every improvement introduced into society. Steam-engines would answer all the purposes required by the general intercourse and commerce of this country, and clearly prove that the expenses caused by the continual relays of horses are totally unnecessary. The great economy of such a measure must be obvious to every one, seeing that, instead of each coach changing horses between London and Edinburgh, say twenty-five times, requiring a hundred horses, besides the supernumerary ones kept at every stage in case of accidents, the whole journey of several coaches would be performed with the simple expense of one steam-engine. No animal strength will be able to give that uniform and regular acceleration to our commercial intercourse which may be accomplished by railways; however great the animal speed, there cannot be a doubt that it would be considerably surpassed by mail steam-carriages, and that the expense would be infinitely less. The exorbitant charge now made for small parcels prevents that natural intercourse of friendship between families residing in different parts of the kingdom, in the same manner as the heavy postage of letters prevents free communication, and consequently diminishes very considerably the consumption of paper which would take place under a less burdensome taxation."

Such passages as the foregoing must have surprised the public very much twenty-six years ago; the following, if we are not mistaken, will have sufficient novelty even for readers of the present time:—"The present system of conveyance," says Mr. Gray, "affords but tolerable accommodation to farmers, and the common way in which they attend markets must always confine them within very limited distances. It is, however, expected that the railway will present a suitable conveyance for attending market-towns thirty or forty miles off, as also for forwarding considerable supplies of grain, hay, straw, vegetables, and every description of live-stock to the metropolis at a very easy expense, and with the greatest celerity, from all parts of the kingdom."

It was not until after four or five years of agitation, and several editions of Mr. Gray's work had been published and successively commented upon by many newspapers, that commercial men were roused to give the proposed scheme its first great trial on the road between Liverpool and Manchester. The success of that experiment, insured by the engineering skill of Stephenson, was the signal for all that has since been done both in this island and in other parts of the world. Unfortunately, the public has been too busy these many years in making railways to inquire to whom it owes its gratitude for having first expounded and advocated



their claims; and probably there are few men now living who have served the public as effectually, with so little return in the way of thanks or applause, as Mr. Thomas Gray, the proposer in 1820 of a general system of transit by railways.

#### SWIFT'S ILLNESS AND HIS REMAINS.

DUBLIN possesses a most respectable medical periodical of the first class, conducted by a clever young native surgeon, Mr. Wilde. The numbers for May and August contain an elaborate paper by the editor, in which the ailments of Swift are for the first time (as appears) distinctly ascertained. There has been much mystery on this subject among the biographers of the famous Dean of St. Patrick's; his character even has suffered a little from the obscurity. Having with great pains traced the symptoms and treatment through fifty-five years of correspondence, and drawn important illustrations from the appearances presented by the cranium when exhumed in 1835, Mr. Wilde finally brings his professional knowledge to bear on the subject, which he seems to have thoroughly exhausted. Swift had no hereditary tendency to nervous disease, as has been surmised, and almost alleged. He contracted a giddiness in his twenty-seventh year, in consequence of eating a hundred golden pippins at a time at Richmond. Not long after, he contracted a deafness, from sitting on a damp seat. These were ailments, says Mr. Wilde, not likely, when once established, to be easily removed from a system so nervous and irritable as Swift's. "From this period a disease which in all its symptoms, and by its fatal termination, plainly appears to have been (in its commencement at least) *cerebral congestion*, set in, and exhibited itself in well-marked periodical attacks, which, year after year, increased in intensity and duration." The brain which produced Lilliput, and bothered the whigs, under *congestion* all the time!

"In early life," says our author, "he was of remarkably active habits, and always exceedingly sober and temperate, if we except the instance of gluttony already related. From the date of his first attack, he seems to have had a presentiment of its fatal termination; and the dread of some head affection (as may be gleaned from innumerable passages in his writings) seems to have haunted him ever afterwards, producing those fits of melancholy and despondency to which it is well known he was subject; while the many disappointments and vexations, both of a domestic and public nature, which he subsequently suffered, no doubt tended to hasten the very end he feared." Swift, however, according to Mr. Wilde, never was at any time of his life, not even at its close, "what is usually termed and understood as *mad*;" a point in our literary biography which will be acknowledged to be of no small importance.

The unfortunate wit was of course never out of the hands of the doctors. At all times, some particular portion or peculiarity of the human frame

is in vogue amongst the faculty as the seat of disease. In Swift's days it was the stomach. He was therefore treated for the stomach for some half century, while all the time disease was going on in his brain. One of their medicines will excite a smile now-a-days—brandy. He was enjoined to drink this liquor in considerable quantities, till experience showed that it only made his case worse, and he resumed his usual habits of temperance. He wrote thus of physicians in 1737:—"I have esteemed many of them as learned and ingenious men, but *I never received the least benefit from their advice or prescriptions*. Poor Dr. Arbuthnot was the only man of the faculty who seemed to understand my case, but could not remedy it."

In latter life, the sufferings from his disease were dreadful. He speaks of having felt as in Phalaris' brazen bull, and roared as loud for eight or nine hours. Mr. Wilde says—"That Swift was not, however, at any time, even during the most violent attacks, at all insensible, or in any way deprived of his reasoning faculties, may be learned from the fact, that when Sergeant Bettesworth threatened his life, and thirty of the nobility and gentry of the liberty of St. Patrick's waited upon him, and presented him with an address, engaging to defend his person and fortune, &c., it is related by the most veritable of his biographers, that 'when this paper was delivered, Swift was in bed, giddy and deaf, having been some time before seized with one of his fits; but he dictated an answer in which there is all the dignity of habitual preëminence, and all the resignation of humble piety.'"

"So desponding was the dean at times, and so great was his fear of the loss either of his memory or his reason, that he used to say, on parting with an intimate friend in the evening—"Well, God bless you! Good night to you; but I hope I shall never see you again." 'In this manner,' says Mr. Dean Swift, 'he would frequently express the desire he had to get rid of the world, after a day spent in cheerfulness, without any provocation from anger, melancholy, or disappointment.' Upon the occasion of a large pier-glass falling accidentally on the very part of the room in which he had been standing a moment before, and being congratulated by a bystander on his providential escape—"I am sorry for it," answered the dean: 'I wish the glass had fallen upon me!' Lord Orrery mentions that he had 'often heard him lament the state of childhood and idiotism to which some of the greatest men of this nation were reduced before their death. He mentioned, as examples within his own time, the Duke of Marlborough and Lord Somers; and when he cited these melancholy instances, it was always with a heavy sigh, and with gestures that showed great uneasiness, as if he felt an impulse of what was to happen to him before he died.'"

Mr. Wilde adduces many passages from the writings of the friends immediately around Swift, to show that he only manifested loss of memory,

and other symptoms of decay of mind, but nothing like fatuity or furiosity. One friend says of him the year before his death, that he had never yet talked nonsense, or said a foolish thing. Guardians seem to have been appointed for him, merely because of the infirmities above mentioned. He at length died in his own house, October 19, 1745, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. His head was dissected; but all we know of the results is confined to the fact, that water was found on the brain.

Ninety years after the death of this bright genius, some repairs being then in course of being made in St. Patrick's cathedral, the remains of Swift and his wife Stella were exhumed, and subjected to examination. The bones of Swift lay in the position into which they had fallen, when deprived of the flesh which enveloped and held them together. The skull, cut as it had been left by his own surgeons, was found entire. It was eagerly taken possession of, with a view to its being examined phrenologically, and for some days it circulated through the coteries of Dublin. "The university," says Mr. Wilde, "where he had so often toiled, again beheld him, but in another phase; the cathedral which heard his preaching—the chapter-house which echoed his sarcasm—the deanery which resounded with his sparkling wit, and where he gossiped with Sheridan and Delany—the lanes and alleys which knew his charity—the squares and streets where the people shouted his name in the days of his unexampled popularity—the mansions where he was the honored and much-sought guest—perhaps the very rooms he often visited—were again occupied by the dust of Swift!"

The interior of the skull threw some light upon the mental condition of the great dean in his latter days. According to Dr. Houston, "the cerebral (inner) surface of the whole of the frontal region is evidently of a character indicating the presence, during lifetime, of diseased action in the subjacent membranes of the brain. The skull in this region is thickened, flattened, and unusually smooth and hard in some places, whilst it is thinned and roughened in others. The marks of the vessels on the bone exhibit, moreover, a very unusual appearance; they look more like the imprints of vessels which had been generated *de novo*, in connection with some diseased action, than as the original arborescent trunks." Mr. Wilde expresses his opinion that the appearances showed "a long continued excess of vascular action, such as would attend cerebral congestion."

Much detail of an interesting kind is given in the paper of Mr. Wilde; but for this we must refer to the journal in which it appears. The whole is eminently curious, as tracing material conditions which must have entered largely into the character of one of the most remarkable men of his century. Who can say how much of the politics of Swift—how much of his satiric and indignant writings—took their first rise in a surfeit of pippins!—*Chambers' Journal*.

## MARTIN F. TUPPER TO AMERICA.

## I.

COLUMBIA, child of Britain—noblest child!  
I praise the growing lustre of thy worth,  
And fain would see thy great heart reconciled  
To love the mother of so blest a birth;  
For we are one, Columbia! still the same  
In lineage, language, laws, and ancient fame,  
The natural nobility of earth;  
Yes, we are one; the glorious days of yore,  
When dear old England earned her storied name,  
Are thine, as well as ours, for evermore;  
And thou hast rights in Milton, e'en as we—  
Thou too canst claim "sweet Shakspeare's wood-  
notes wild,"  
And chiefest, brother, we are both made free,  
Of one religion, pure and undefiled!

## II.

I blame thee not as other some have blamed—  
The highborn heir hath grown to man's estate;  
I mock thee not, as some who should be shamed,  
Nor ferret out thy faults with envious hate;  
Far otherwise, by generous love inflamed,  
Patriot, I praise thy country's foreign son  
Rejoicing in the blaze of good and great  
That diadems thy head;—go on, go on!  
Young Hercules, thus travelling in might,  
Boy-Plato, filling all the West with light,  
Thou new Themistocles of enterprise;  
Go on, and prosper—Acolyte of Fate!  
And—precious child, dear Ephraim—turn those  
eyes—  
For thee thy mother's yearning heart doth wait.

## THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

AN unfortunate individual laments his solitary state in the following stanzas, the concluding one of which indicates that we may still have hopes of him:—

Returning home at close of day,  
Who gently chides my long delay,  
And by my side delights to stay?  
Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,  
Sets out the room with neatest care,  
And lays my slippers ready there?  
Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,  
And piles the blazing fuel higher,  
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?  
Nobody.

When plunged in dire and deep distress,  
And anxious cares my heart oppress,  
Who whispers hopes of happiness?  
Nobody.

When anxious thoughts within me rise,  
And in dismay my spirit dies,  
Who soothes me by her kind replies?  
Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame,  
And grief distracts my fevered brain,  
Who sympathizes with my pain?  
Nobody.

Then I'll resolve, so help me Fate,  
To change at once the single state,  
And will to Hymen's altar take—  
Somebody.  
*Journal of Commerce.*

## THIRTY-FIVE UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

COMMUNICATED BY THOMAS CARLYLE TO FRASER'S MAGAZINE.

[Upon us, Mexican-war-mind-entangled, these letters force continual comparisons between degenerate modern times, and the hearty, unsqueamish, save-of-pocrisy days of the Great Protector and Puritan. We of the *present* Boston are not so entirely fallen away, but that we too could "wreck a nunnery," should it be our manifest duty. But we groan more heavily over the carnal doings of some of our folk in Mexico, than "the Colonel" would, should he be sent to supersede Gen. Scott. We think he would yield no armistice before Mexico, and would think it a "crowning mercy" should he succeed in catching the deserters. As there is nothing new under the sun, we see that he has pronounced the law not on them only, but on those who "tried them sorely by money, whom," saith he, "I will hang, if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms [second section?] I will serve them." How about enemies who violate their parole? (Would they have been spared to give it?) It seems that Gen. Cushing hath a spark of the old fire in him—for he decides the case of the men who murmured at the new clothing, as did his great forefather. And yet, proud of our ancestry as we are, we cannot but fear that more of the mantle of Oliver hath fallen upon Texas than upon the Plymouth-descended. These Texians make not such thorough work to be sure, but they go at it in the old spirit—and "stand no nonsense" from any man.—*Living Age*.]

On the first publication of *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, new contributions of Cromwell matter, of some value, of no value, and even of less than none, were, as the general reader knows, diligently forwarded to me from all quarters; and turned to account, in the second edition of that work, as the laws of the case seemed to allow. The process, which seemed then to all practical intents completed, and is in fact very languid and intermittent ever since, has nevertheless not yet entirely ceased; and indeed one knows not when, if ever, it will entirely cease; for at longer and longer intervals new documents and notices still arrive; though, except in the single instance now before us, I may describe these latter as of the last degree of insignificance; hardly even worth "inserting in an Appendix," which was my bargain in respect of them. Whence it does, at last, seem reasonable to infer that our English archives are now pretty well exhausted, in this particular; and that nothing more, of importance, concerning Oliver Cromwell's utterances of himself in this world, will be gathered henceforth. Here, however, is a kind of exception; in regard to which, on more accounts than one, it has become necessary for me to adopt an exceptional course; and if not to edit, in the sense of elucidating, the contribution sent me, at least to print it straightway, before accident befall it or me.

The following letters, which require to be printed at once, with my explicit testimony to their authenticity, have come into my hands under singular circumstances and conditions. I am not allowed to say that the originals are, or were, in

the possession of Mr. So-and-so, as is usual in like cases; this, which would satisfy the reader's strict claims in the matter, I have had to engage expressly not to do. "Why not?" all readers will ask, with astonishment, or perhaps with other feelings still more superfluous for our present object. The story is somewhat of an absurd one, what may be called a farce-tragedy; very ludicrous as well as very lamentable;—not glorious to relate; nor altogether easy, under the conditions prescribed! But these thirty-five letters are Oliver Cromwell's; and demand, of me especially, both that they be piously preserved, and that there be no ambiguity, no avoidable mystery or other foolery, in presenting of them to the world. If the letters are not to have, in any essential or unessential respect, the character of voluntary enigmas; but to be read, with undisturbed attention, in such poor twilight of intelligibility as belongs to them, some explanation, such as can be given, seems needful.

Let me hasten to say, then, explicitly once more, that these letters are of indubitable authenticity: further, that the originals, all or nearly all in autograph, which existed in June last, in the possession of a private gentleman whose name I am on no account to mention, have now irrecoverably perished;—and, in brief, that the history of them, so far as it can be related under these conditions, is as follows:

Some eight or ten months ago, there reached me, as many had already done on the like subject, a letter from an unknown correspondent in the distance; setting forth, in simple, rugged and trustworthy, though rather peculiar dialect, that he, my unknown correspondent—who seemed to have been a little astonished to find that Oliver Cromwell was actually not a miscreant, hypocrite, &c., as heretofore represented—had in his hands a stock of strange old papers relating to Oliver: much consumed by damp, and other injury of time; in particular, much "eaten into by a vermin" (as my correspondent phrased it,)—some moth, or body of moths, who had boarded there in past years. The papers, he said, describing them rather vaguely, contained some things of Cromwell's own, but appeared to have been mostly written by one Samuel Squire, a subaltern in the famed Regiment of Ironsides, who belonged to "The Stilton Troop," and had served with Oliver "from the first mount" of that indomitable corps, as cornet, and then as "auditor,"—of which latter office my correspondent could not, nor could I when questioned, quite specify the meaning, but guessed that it might be something like that of adjutant in modern regiments. This Auditor Squire had kept some "journal," or diary of proceedings, from "the first mount" or earlier, from about 1642 till the latter end of 1645, as I could dimly gather; but again it was spoken of as "journals," as "old papers," "manuscripts," in the plural number, and one knew not definitely what to expect: moth-eaten, dusty, dreary old brown papers; bewildered and bewildering; dreadfully difficult to decipher,



as appeared, and indeed almost a pain to the eye—and too probably to the mind. Poring in which, nevertheless, my unknown correspondent professed to have discovered various things. Strange, unknown aspects of affairs, moving accidents, adventures, such as the fortune of war in the obscure Eastern Association (of Lincoln, Norfolk &c.) in the early obscure part of Oliver's career, hitherto entirely vacant and dark in all histories, had disclosed themselves to my unknown correspondent, painfully spelling in the rear of that destructive vermin: on slaughts, seizures, surprises; endless activity, audacity, rapidity on the part of Oliver; strict general integrity too, nay rhadamanthine justice, and traits of implacable severity connected therewith, which had rather shocked the otherwise strong but *modern* nerves of my unknown correspondent. Interspersed, as I could dimly gather, were certain *Letters*, from Oliver and others, (known or hitherto unknown, was not said;) kept, presumably, by Auditor Squire, the ironside subaltern, as narrative documents, or out of private fondness. As proof what curious and to me interesting matter lay in those old papers, journals or journal, as my unknown correspondent indiscriminately named them, he gave me the following small excerpt; illuminating completely a point on which I had otherwise sought light in vain. See, in *Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches*, Letter 5th July, 1644; which gives account of Marston-Moor Battle, and contains an allusion to Oliver's own late loss, "Sir, you know my own trials this way,"—touching allusion, as it now proves; dark hitherto for all readers:—Meeting Colonel Cromwell again after some absence, just on the edge of Marston Battle, (it is Auditor Squire that writes,) "I thought he looked sad and wearied; for he had had a sad loss; young Oliver got killed to death not long before, I heard: it was near Knaresborough, and 30 more got killed."—

Interesting papers beyond doubt, my unknown correspondent thought. On one most essential point, however, he professed himself at a painful pause: How far, or whether at all, these papers ought to be communicated to the public, or even to myself? Part of my correspondent's old kindred had been roundheads, part had been royalists; of both which sorts plentiful representatives yet remained, at present all united in kindly oblivion of those old sorrows and animosities; but capable yet, as my correspondent feared, of blazing up into one knew not what fierce contradictions, should the question be renewed. That was his persuasion, that was his amiable fear. I could perceive, indeed, that my correspondent, evidently a simple and honorable man, felt obscurely as if, in his own new conviction about Oliver's character, he possessed a dangerous secret, which ought in nowise to be lightly divulged. Should he once inconsiderately blab it, this heterodox, almost criminal secret, like a fire-spark among tinder and dry flax;—how much more if, by publishing those private papers, confirmatory of the same, he deliberately shot it forth as mere flame! Explosion without

limit, in the family and still wider circles, might ensue.—On the whole, he would consider of it; was heartily disposed to do for me, and for the interests of truth (with what peril soever) all in his power;—hoped, for the rest, to be in London soon, where, it appeared, the papers were then lying in some repository of his; would there see me, and do as good will guided by wise caution might direct.

To all which I could only answer with thanks for the small valuable hint concerning young Oliver's death; with a desire to know more about those old papers; with astonishment at my correspondent's apprehension as to publishing them, which I professed was inconceivable, and likely to fly away as a night-dream if he spoke of it in intelligent circles;—and finally with an eager wish for new light of any authentic kind on Oliver Cromwell and his acts or sayings, and an engagement that whatever of that sort my correspondent did please to favor me with, should be thankfully turned to use, under such conditions as he might see good to prescribe. And here, after a second or perhaps even a third letter and answer, (for several of these missives, judged at first to be without importance, are now lost,) which produced no new information to me, nor any change in my correspondent's resolutions, the matter had to rest. To an intelligent friend, partly acquainted in my correspondent's country, I transmitted his letters; with request that he would visit this remarkable possessor of old *manuscripts*; ascertain for me, more precisely, what he was, and what they were; and, if possible, persuade him that it would be safe, for himself and for the universe, to let me have some brief perusal of them! This friend unfortunately did not visit those my correspondent's localities at the time intended: so, hearing nothing more of the affair, I had to wait patiently its ulterior developments; the arrival, namely, of my correspondent in town, and the opening of his mysterious repositories there. Not without surmises that perhaps, after all, there might be little, or even nothing of available, in them; for me nothing, but new dreary labor, ending in new disappointment and disgust; tragic experience being already long and frequent, of astonishingly curious old papers on Oliver, vouchsafed me, with an effort and from favor, by ardent patriotic correspondents—which, after painful examination, proved only to be astonishing old bundles of inanity, dusty desolation, and extinct stupidity, worthy of oblivion and combustion: surmises tending naturally to moderate very much my eagerness, and render patience easy.

So had some months passed, and the affair been pretty well forgotten, when, one afternoon in June last, a heavy packet came by post; recognizable even on the exterior as my unknown correspondent's: and hereby, sooner than anticipation, and little as I could at first discern it, had the catastrophe arrived. For within there lay only, in the meanwhile, copied accurately in my correspondent's hand, those five-and-thirty letters of Oliver Crom-

well which the public are now to read : this, with here and there some diligent though rather indistinct annotation by my correspondent, where needful ; and, on a note from himself, some vague hint of his having been in town that very day, and even on the point of calling on me, had not haste and the rigor of railways hindered ; hints too about the old dangers from royalist kindred being *now* happily surmounted—formed the contents of my heavy packet.

The reading of these old Cromwell letters, by far the most curious that had ever come to me from such a source, produced an immediate earnest, almost passionate request to have sight of that old "Journal by Samuel Squire," under any terms, on any guarantee I could offer. Why should my respectable, obliging correspondent still hesitate ? These letters, I assured him, if he but sold the originals as autographs, were worth hundreds of pounds ; the old *Journal of an Ironside*, since such it really seemed to be, for he had named it definitely in the singular, not "journals" and "papers" as heretofore—I prized as probably the most curious document in the archives of England, a piece not to be estimated in tens of thousands. It had become possible, it seemed probable and almost certain, that by diligent study of those old papers, by examination of them as with microscopes, in all varieties of lights, the veritable figure of Cromwell's Ironsides might be called into day, to be seen by men once more, face to face, in the lineaments of very life ! A journey in chase of this unknown correspondent and his hidden papers ; any journey, or effort, seemed easy for such a prize.

Alas, alas, by return of post, there arrived a letter beginning with these words : "What you ask is impossible, if you offered me the Bank of England for security : the journal is *ashes*,"—all was ashes ! My wonderful unknown correspondent had at last, it would appear, having screwed his courage to the sticking place, rushed up to town by rail ; proceeded straight to his hidden repositories here ; sat down, with closed lips, with concentrated faculty, and copied me exactly the Cromwell letters, all words of Cromwell's own (these he had generously considered *mine* by a kind of right ;)—which once done he, still with closed lips, with sacrificial eyes, and terrible hand and mood, had gathered all his old puritan papers great and small, Ironside "journal," Cromwell autographs, and whatever else there might be, and sternly consumed them with fire. Let royalist quarrels, in the family or wider circles, arise now if they could ;—"much evil," said he mildly to me, "hereby lies buried." The element of "resolution," one may well add, "is strong in our family ;" unchangeable by men, scarcely by the very gods ! And so all *was* ashes ; and a strange speaking apparition of the past, and of a past more precious than any other is or can be, had sunk again into the dead depths of night. Irrecoverable ; all the royal exchequer could not buy it back ! That, once for all, was the fact ; of

which I, and mankind in general, might now make whatsoever we pleased.

With my unknown correspondent I have not yet personally met ; nor can I yet sufficiently explain to myself this strange procedure of his, which naturally excites curiosity, amid one's other graver feelings. The friend above alluded to, who has now paid that visit, alas too late, describes him to me as a gentleman of honorable, frank aspect and manners ; still in his best years, and of robust manful qualities ; by no means, in any way, the feeble, chimerical, or distracted entity, dug up from the seventeenth century and set to live in this nineteenth, which some of my readers might fancy him. Well acquainted with that old *journal*, "which went to 200 folio pages ;" and which he had carefully, though not with much other knowledge, read and again read. It is suggested to me, as some abatement of wonder : "He has lived, he and his, for 300 years, under the shadow of a cathedral city : you know not what kind of sleepy hollow that is, and how Oliver Cromwell is related to it, in the minds of all men and night-birds who inhabit there ! This gentleman had felt that, one way or other, you would inevitably in the end get this MS. from him, and make it public ; which, what would it amount to but a new Guy-Faux cellar, and infernal machine, to explode his cathedral city and all its coteries, and almost dissolve nature for the time being ? Hence he resolved to burn his papers, and avoid catastrophes."

But what chiefly, or indeed exclusively, concerns us here, is that, from the first, and by all subsequent evidence, I have seen this gentleman to be a person of perfect veracity, and even of scrupulous exactitude in details ; so that not only can his copies of the Cromwell letters be taken as correct, or the correctest he could give, but any remark or statement of his concerning them is also to be entirely relied on. Let me add, for my own sake and his, that, with all my regrets and condemnations, I cannot but dimly construe him as a man of much real worth ; and even (though strangely *inarticulate*, and sunk in strange environments) of a certain honest intelligence, energy, generosity, which ought not to escape recognition, while passing sentence ;—least of all by one who is forced unwillingly to relate these things, and whom, as is clear, he has taken great pains, and made a strong effort over himself, to oblige even so far. And this is what I had to say by way of introduction to these new letters of Oliver Cromwell, which are now all that remains to the world or me from that adventure.

With regard to the letters themselves, they may now be read without further preface. As will be seen, they relate wholly to the early part of Oliver's career ; to that obscure period, hitherto vacant or nearly so in all histories, while "Colonel Cromwell" still fought and struggled in the Eastern Association, under Lord Grey of Groby, under the Earl of Manchester, or left much to his own shifts ; and was not yet distinguished by the public

from a hundred other colonels. They present to us the same old Oliver whom we knew, but in still more distinct lineaments and physiognomy; the features deeply, even coarsely marked—or, as it were, *enlarged* to the gigantic by unexpected nearness. It is Oliver left to himself; stript bare of all conventional draperies; toiling, wrestling as for life and death, in his obscure element; none looking over him but Heaven only. He “can stand no nonsenses;” he is terribly in earnest; will have his work done—will have God’s justice done too, and the everlasting laws observed, which shall help, not hinder, all manner of work! The Almighty God’s commandments, these, of which this work is one, are great and awful to him; all else is rather small, and not awful. He has pity—pity as of a woman, of a mother, we have known in Oliver;—and rage also as of a wild lion, where need is. He rushes direct to his point: “If resistance is made, pistol him;” “Wear them, (these uniforms,) or go home;” “Hang him out of hand; he wantonly killed the poor widow’s boy; God and man will be well pleased to see him punished!” The attentive reader will catch not only curious minute features of the old civil war, in these rude letters; but more clearly than elsewhere significant glimpses of Oliver’s character and ways; and if any reader’s nerves, like my correspondent’s, be too *modern*—all effeminated in this universal, very dreary, very portentous babble of “abolishing capital punishments,” &c. &c., and sending Judas Iscariot, Courvoisier, Praslin, Tawell, and *Nature’s* own scoundrels, teachable by no hellebore, “to the school-master,” instead of to the hangman, or to the cesspool, or somewhere swiftly out of the way (said “school-master” having not yet overtaken all his *other* hopefuller work, by any manner of means!)—perhaps the sight of a great natural human soul once more, in whom the stamp of the divinity is *not* quite abolished by ages of cant, and hallow wiggery of every kind, ending now in an age of “abolition principles,” may do such reader some good! I understand one of my correspondent’s more minute reasons for burning the Ironside Journal was, that it showed Cromwell uncommonly impatient of scoundrels, from time to time; and might have shocked some people!—

I print these letters according to their date, so far as the date is given; or as the unwritten date can be ascertained or inferred—which of course is not always possible; more especially since the accompanying “journal” was destroyed. With some hesitation, I decide to print with modern spelling and punctuation, there being no evidence that the partially ill-spelt copies furnished me are exact to Oliver’s ill-spelling; which at all events is insignificant, the sense having nowhere been at all doubtful. Commentary, except what Auditor Squire and his transcriber have afforded, I cannot undertake to give; nor perhaps will much be needed. Supplementary words added by myself are marked by single commas, as was the former wont; annotations, if inserted in the body of the letter, are in Italics within brackets. And now to business, with all brevity.

## NOS. I.—VI.

The first six letters are of dates prior to the actual breaking out of the civil war, but while its rapid approach was too evident; and bring to view, in strange lugubrious *chiaroscuro*, committees of “association for mutual defence,” (or however they phrased it,) and zealous individuals, Samuel Squire among others, tremulously sitting in various localities—tremulous under the shadow of high treason on the one hand, and of Irish massacre on the other;—to whom of course the honorable member’s communications, in such a season, were of breathless interest. The king has quitted his parliament; and is moving northward, towards York as it proved, in a more and more menacing attitude.

## NO. I.

The address, if there ever was any except a verbal one by the bearer, is entirely gone, and the date also; but may be supplied by probable conjecture:

‘To the Committee of Association at Huntingdon.’  
‘LONDON, March, 1641.’

DEAR FRIENDS,

It is not improbable that the King may go through Huntingdon on his way to Stamford. Pray keep all steady, and let no peace be broken. Beg of all to be silent; or it may mar our peaceable settling this sad business. Such as are on the County Array bid go; all of you protect, at cost of life, the King from harm, or foul usage by word or deed—as you love the Cause. From

Yours faithfully,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The transcriber, my unknown correspondent, adds from the burnt *journal* this note: “Journal mentioned a sad riot at Peterborough on the king’s going to Stamford, between the townsmen and the array.” March, 1641, as is known, means 1642, according to the modern style; new-years-day is 25th March.

## NO. II.

The date exists, though wrong written, from haste; but the address must be supplied:

‘To the Committee of Association at Stilton.’

ELY, April 11th day, 1641 [for 1642; miswritten, Newyears-day being still recent.]

DEAR FRIENDS,

The Lord has hardened his [*the King’s*] heart more and more; ‘he has’ refused to hear reason, or to care for our Cause or Religion or Peace.

Let our Friends have notice of the sad news. I will be with you at Oundle, if possible, early next week; say Wednesday, as I return now to London this day. Things go on as we all said they would. We are all on the point of now openly declaring ourselves; now may the Lord prosper us in the good Cause!

Commend me in brotherly love to our chosen Friends and vessels of the Lord: I name no one, to all the same. I write myself

Your Friend in the Lord’s Cause,

O.

P. S. Be sure and put up with no affronts. Be as



a bundle of sticks ; let the offence to one be as to all. The Parliament will back us.

NO. III.

To Mr. Samuel Squire [subsequently Cornet and Auditor Squire.]

LONDON, 3 May, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I heard from our good Friend W. [*Wild-man?*] how zealous in the good Cause you were. We are all alive here, and sweating hard to beat those Papists : may the Lord send to us His holy aid to overcome them, and the Devils who seek to do evil.

Say to your Friends that we have made up our Demands to the control of the Navy, and Trainbands of the Counties' Militia, also all Forts and Castles ; and, with God's aid, we will have them if he [*the King*] likes or dislikes. For he is more shifty every day. We must do more also, unless he does that which is right in the sight of God and man to his people.

I shall come to Oundle, in my way down, this time ; as I learn you live there a great time now. So may you prosper in all your undertakings, and may the Lord God protect and watch over you. Let them all know our mind.—From

Your Friend, O. C.

NO. IV.

To the Committee of Association 'at Cambridge.'

LONDON, 'June, 1642.'

GENTLEMEN,

I have sent you, by Hobbes' Wain, those you know of. You must get lead as you may :—the Churches have enough and to spare on them ! We shall see the Lord will supply us. Heed well your motions [*learn well your drill-exercise*] : and laugh not at Rose's Dutch tongue ; he is a zealous servant ; and we may go further and get worse man to our hand than he is.

I learn from R. you get offences from the Bullards (!) at Stamford. Let them heed what they are about, or they may get a cake more than they bargain for for their penny. V. says that many come ill to the time fixed for muster : pray heed well their loss of time ; for I assure you, if once we let time pass by, we shall seek in vain to recover it. The Lord helpeth those who heed His commandments : and those who are not punctual in small matters, of what account are they when it shall please Him to call us forth, if we be not watchful and ready ! Pray beat up those sluggards.—I shall be over, if it please God, next Tuesday or Wednesday. I rest, till then,

Your Friend and Well-wisher,  
O. C.

My correspondent, who rather guesses this letter to have gone to *Huntingdon*, subjoins in reference to it the following very curious note gathered from his recollections of the burnt journal :—“ *Huntingdon* regiment of Horse. Each armed and horsed himself ; except Mr. Ol' Cromwell's Troop of Slepe Dragoons, of some 30 to 40 men, mostly poor men or very small freeholders : these the journal mentioned often ; I mean the Slepe Troop of hard-handed fellows, who did as he told them, and asked no questions. The others, despite all that has been said and written, armed themselves and horsed also. I mean the cele-

brated *Tawnies* or *Ironsides*. They wore brown coats,—as did most farmers, and little country freeholders ; and so do now, as you or me may see any day.—Oliver had some 200 foot also armed by him, who did great service.”

NO. V.

No date, no address now left. Probably addressed to the committee at Cambridge, or which ever was the *central* committee of those associations ; and to judge by the glorious *ripeness* to which matters have come, dated about the beginning of July. A very curious letter. We have prospered to miracle ; the Eastern Fen regions are all up or rising, and royalism quite put down there, impossible as that once seemed. Miraculous success ;—and greater is yet coming, if we knew it !

'To ————.'

'LONDON, July, 1642.'

DEAR FRIENDS,

Your Letters gave me great joy at reading your great progress in behalf of our great Cause.

Verily I do think the Lord is with me ! I do undertake strange things, yet do I go through with them, to great profit and gladness, and furtherance of the Lord's great Work. I do feel myself lifted on by a strange force, I cannot tell why. By night and by day I am urged forward on the great work. As sure as God appeared to Joseph in a dream, also to Jacob, He also has directed—[*some words eaten out by moths*]—Therefore I shall not fear what man can do unto me. I feel He giveth me the light to see the great darkness that surrounds us at noonday. —to my—ht—ly [*five words gone, by moths,*] I have been a stray sheep from the Fold : but I feel I am born again ; I have cast off—[*moths again ; nearly three lines lost*]—

'I have' sent you 300 more Carbines, and 600 Snaphances ; also 300 Lances, which when complete I shall send down by the Wain with 16 barrels Powder.

We [*of the Parliament*] declare ourselves now, and raise an Army forthwith : Essex and Bedford are our men. Throw off fear, as I shall be with you. I get a Troop ready to begin ; and they will shew the others. Truly I feel I am Siloam of the Lord ; my soul is with you in the Cause. I sought the Lord ; and found this written in the First Chapter of Zephaniah, the 3d verse : See, I will consume &c. [*Here is the rest of the passage* : 'Consume man and beast ; I will consume the fowls of heaven, and the fishes of the sea, and the stumblingblocks with the wicked ; and I will cut off man from off the land, saith the Lord.'

Surely it is a sign for us. So I read it. For I seek daily, and do nothing without first so seeking the Lord.]

I have much to say to you all, when I do see you. Till I so do, the Lord be with you : may His grace abound in all your houses. Peace be among you, loving Friends : so do I pray daily for your souls' health. I pray also, as I know you also 'do,' for His mercy to soften the heart of the King.—[*moth—ruins to the end ; the signature itself half-eaten ; indistinctly guessable to have been :*]

I 'shall be at' Godmanchester, 'if it please the Lord, on,' Monday. OLIVER CROMWELL.

## NO. VI.

No date; presumably, August, 1642, at Ely or somewhere in that region; where Parliament musters or 'surveys' are going on, and brabbles with recusant royalists are rife, —in one of which the excellent Mr. Sprigg has got a stroke. My correspondent, the transcriber, thinks 'house at Peterborough' must mean merely *quarters* in a house there, the house or home of Squire appearing in a late letter to be at Oundle.

To Mr. Squire, at his House, Peterborough.

[No date.]

SIR,

I regret much to hear your sad news. I regret much that worthy vessel of the Lord, Sprigg, came to hurt.

I hope the voice of the Lord will soften the Malignant's heart even yet at the eleventh hour: we rejoice at the 'hope' much; —but do keep it quiet, and not to take air.

We had a rare survey about us; and did much good. I expect to see you all at Stilton on Tuesday. To prevent hindrance, bring your swords and + [hieroglyph for muskets?] —From

Your Friend,  
O. C.

## NOS. VII.—XXIV.

Keinton or Edgehill Battle, the first clear bursting into flame of all these long-smouldering elements, was fought on Sunday, 23 October, 1642. The following eighteen letters, dated or approximately dateable all but some two or three, bring us on, in a glimmering fitful manner, along the as yet quite obscure and subterranean course of Colonel Cromwell, to within sight of the skirmish at Gainsborough, where he dared to beat and even to slay the Hon. Charles Cavendish, and first began to appear to the world.

## NO. VII.

'To Auditor Squire.'

WISBEACH, This day, 11 November, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

Let the Sadler see to the Horse-gear. I learn, from one, many are ill-served. If a man has not good weapons, horse and harness, he is as nought. I pray you order this: —and tell Rainsborough I shall see to that matter 'of his'; but do not wrong the fool. —From

Your Friend,  
O. C.

## NO. VIII.

The following is dated the same day, apparently at a subsequent hour, and to the same person.

'To Auditor Squire.'

November, 11th day, 1642.

Take Three Troops, and go to Downham; I care not which they be.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

## NO. IX.

'Stanground' is in the Peterborough region; 'Alister your Music' means 'Alister your Trumpeter,' of whom there will be other mention. Oliver finds himself at a terrible pinch for money; —there

are curious glimpses into that old house by Ely Cathedral, too, and the 'Mother' and the 'Dame' there! —

To Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters at Stan ground.

29 November, 1642.

DEAR FRIEND,

I have not at this moment Five Pieces by me; loan I can get none; and without money a man is as nought. Pray now open thy pocket, and lend me 150 Pieces until my rent-day, when I will repay, —or say 100 Pieces until then. Pray send me them by Alister your Music; he is a cautious man.

Tell W. I will not have his men cut folk's grass without compensation. If you pass mine, say to my Dame I have gone into Essex: my house is open to you; make no scruple; do as at your house at Oundle, or I shall be cross. —If you please ride over to Chatteris, and order the quartering of those [that] Suffolk Troop, —I hear they have been very bad; —and let no more such doings be. Bid R. horse\* any who offend; say it is my order, and shew him this.

Pray do not forget the 100 Pieces; and bid Alister ride haste. I shall be at Biggleswade at 11. Send me the accounts of the week, if possible by the Trumpet; if not, send them on by one of the Troopers. It were well he rode to Bury, and wait [waited] my coming.

I hope you have forwarded my Mother the silks you got for me in London; also those else for my Dame. If not, pray do not fail. —From

Your Friend,  
OLIVER CROMWELL.

'W.' I suppose means Wildman, 'R.' Rainsborough. My correspondent annotates here: — "The *Journal* often mentioned trouble they" (the officers generally) "got into from the men taking, without leave, hay and corn from Malignants, whom Oliver never allowed to be robbed, —but paid for all justly to friend and foe."

## NO. X.

To Cornet Squire, at his Quarters, Tansor: These.  
HUNTINGDON, 22 January, 1642.

SIR,

News has come in, and I want you. Tell my Son to ride over his men to me, as I want to see him. Tell White and Wildman also I want them. Be sure you come too: do not delay.

I have ill news of the men under my Son: tell him from me I must not have it. Bring me over those Papers you know of. Desborow has come in with good spoil, —some £3,000 I reckon.

Your Friend,  
O. ['C' rotted off.]

Dated on the morrow after this, is the celebrated letter to Robert Barnard, Esquire, now in the possession of Lord Gosford: † "subtlety may deceive you, integrity never will!" —

\* That is, *wooden-horse*, (used as a verb.) — "Do military men of these times understand the wooden-horse? He is a mere triangular ridge or roof of wood, set on four sticks, with absurd head and tail superadded: and you ride him bare-backed, in face of the world, frequently with muskets tied to your feet, —in a very uneasy manner!" —(Cromwell's *Letters and Speeches*, second edition, ii. 22.)

† Cromwell's *Letters and Speeches*, i. 59.

## NO. XI.

Refers to the Lowestoff exploit. (*Letters and Speeches*, i. 164;) and must bear date 12 March, 1642-3,—apparently from Swaffham, Downham, or some such place on the western side of Norfolk.

*For Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Oundle. Haste.*

[*Date gone by moths*].—‘12 March, 1642.’

DEAR FRIEND,

We have secret and sure hints that a meeting of the Malignants takes place at Lowestoff on Tuesday. Now I want your aid; so come with all speed on getting this, with your Troop; and tell no one your route, but let me see you ere sundown.—From

Your Friend and Commandant,  
OLIVER CROMWELL.

Auditor Squire had written in his *journal*, now burnt: “He” (Oliver) “got his first information of this business from the man that sold fish to the colleges,” (at Cambridge,) “who being searched, a letter was found on him to the king, and he getting rough usage told all he knew.”

## NO. XII.

Date and address have vanished; eaten by moths; but can in part be restored. Of the date, it would appear, there remains dimly “the last figure, which looks like a 5:” that will probably mean ‘March 15,’ which otherwise one finds to be about the time. The scene is still the Fen-country; much harassed by Malignants, necessitating searches for arms, spy-journeys, and other still stronger measures! ‘Montague,’ we can dimly gather, is the future Earl of Sandwich; at present “Captain of the St. Neots Troop,” a zealous young gentleman of eighteen; who, some six months hence, gets a commission to raise a regiment of his own; of whom there is other mention by and by.

‘*To Cornet Squire.*’

‘—15 March, 1642.’

DEAR FRIEND,

I have no great mind to take Montague’s word about that Farn. I learn, behind the oven is the place they hide them [*the arms*]; so watch well, and take what the man leaves;—and hang the fellow out of hand, [*out-a-hand*], and I am your warrant. For he shot a Boy at Stilton-Bee by the Spinney, the Widow’s son, her only support: so God and man must rejoice at his punishment.

I want you to go over to Stamford: they do not well know you; ride through, and learn all; and go round by Spalding, and so home by Wisbee [*Wisbeach*]. See 15, 8, 92; and bring me word.—Wildman is gone by way of Lincoln; you may meet; but do not know him; he will not you.

I would you could get into Lynn; for I hear they are building a nest there we must rifle, I sadly fear.—You will hear of me at Downham: if not, seek me at Ely, my Son will say my Quarters to you.—From

Your Friend,  
O. C.

## NO. XIII.

No date, no address; the letter itself a ruined fragment “in Oliver’s hand.” For the rest, see

*Letters and Speeches*, i. 169. ‘Russel,’ I suppose, is Russel of Chippenham, the same whose daughter Henry Cromwell subsequently married.

‘*To Cornet Squire.*’

[*No date*] ‘HUNTINGDON, (23?) March, 1642.’

SIR,

Send me by Alister a list of the Troop, and the condition of men and horses; also condition of the arms. Ride over to St. Neot’s, and see Montague his Troop. And call on your way back at Huntingdon, and see to Russell’s (I hear his men are ill provided in boots;) and bid them heed a sudden call: I expect a long ride.

I shall want 200 Pieces: bring me them, or else send them by a sure hand.—You mentioned to my Wife of certain velvets you had in London, come over in your Father’s ship from Italy: now, as far as Twenty Pieces, go buy th — [*torn off, signature and all.*]

‘OLIVER CROMWELL.’

## NO. XIV.

*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Godmanchester.*

CAMBRIDGE, 26 March, 1642 [*miswritten for 1643; Newyears-day was yesterday.*]

SIR,

Since we came back, I learn no men have got the money I ordered. Let me hear no more of this; but pay as I direct—as we are about hard work, I think.

Yours to mind,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The ‘hard work’ of this letter, and ‘long ride’ of last refer to the same matter; which did not take effect after all, much as Colonel Hampden urged it.

## NO. XV.

“Direction gone; letter generally much wasted.” Refers, seemingly, to those ‘plunderers’ or ‘Camdeners,’ from the Stamford side, concerning whom, about the beginning of this April, there is much talk and terror, and one other Letter by Cromwell already printed (*Letters and Speeches*, i. 170-3.) ‘Berry’ is the future Major-General; once “Clerk in the Iron-works,” Richard Baxter’s friend; of whom there was already mention in the Lowestoff affair.

‘*To Cornet Squire.*’

ELY, this 30 day [*rest rotted off*] ‘March, 1643.’

— — — hope you to bring me that I want in due time—we shall, if it please God, be at Swaffham;—and hear of me at 11, [*name in cipher*], who will say to you all needful.

Mind and come on in strength, as they are out to mischief, and some — — [*guess at their number, illegible*] — — Troops, but ill armed. Tell Berry to ride in, also Montague; and cut home, as no mercy ought to be shewn those rovers, who are only robbers and not honorable soldiers.—Call at Cosey (!) I learn he has got a case of arms down; fetch them off; also his harness—it lies in the wall by his bedhead: fetch it off; but move not his old weapons of his Father’s, or his family trophies. Be tender of this, as you respect my wishes of one Gentleman to another.



Bring me two pair Boothose, from the Fleming's who lives in London Lane; also a new Cravat:— I shall be much thankful. I rest

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'London-Lane,' I understand, is in Norwich. Let us hope 'the Fleming' has a good fleecy-hosiery article there, and can furnish one's Cornet; for the weather is still cold!

NO. XVI.

Mr. Samuel Squire, at his Quarters, Peterborough, in Bridge-street there: *Haste.*

ST. NEOTS, 3 April, 1643.

DEAR SIR,

I am required by the Speaker to send up those Prisoners we got in Suffolk [at Lowestoff, &c.]; I pray send me the Date we got them, also their Names in full, and quality. I expect I may have to go up to Town also. I send them up by Whalley's Troop and the Slepe Troop; my Son goes with them. You had best go also, to answer any questions needed.

I shall require a new Pot [*kind of Helmet*]; mine is ill set. Buy me one in Tower-Street; a Fleming sells them, I think his name is Vandeleur: get one fluted, and good barrets; and let the plume-case be set on well behind. I would prefer it lined with good shamoy leather to any other.

I have wished them return [*the two Troops to return*] by Suffolk home; so remind them. Do see after the 3 [*undecipherable cipher*]. 81 is playing fox: I hold a letter of his he sent to certain ones, which I got of one who carried it. If you light on him, pray take care of him, and bring him on to me. I cannot let such escape; life and property is lost by such villains. If resistance is given, pistol him. No nonsense can be held with such; he is as dangerous as a mad bull, and must be quieted by some means. This villain got our men into a strife near Fakenham, some three weeks since; and two got shot down, and nine wounded; and the others lost some twenty or thirty on their side; and all for his mischief.

Let me see you as soon as needs will allow. Mind Henry come to no ill in London; I look to you to heed him.—From

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "We went up with the treasure; and got sadly mauled coming back, but beat the ruffians [*ruffians*] at Chipping, but lost near all our baggage."

NO. XVII.

These plundering 'Ca'ndishers,' called lately 'Camdeners,' from Noel Viscount Camden their principal adherent in these southern parts, are out-skirts or appendages of the Marquis of Newcastle's northern or 'Papist' army, and have for commander the Hon. Charles Cavendish, cousin of the marquis; whence their name. They are fast flowing southward at present, in spite of the Fairfaxes—to the terror of men. Our first distinct notice of them by Oliver; the last will follow by and by.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. *Post haste, haste.*

STILTON, 12 April, this day, '1643.'

SIR,

Pray shew this to Berry, and advise [*signify to*] him to ride in, and join me, by four days time; as these Ca'ndishers, I hear, are over, tearing and robbing all, poor and rich. — [*moths*] — Many poor souls slain, and cattle moved off. Stamford is taken, and Lord Noel (*Nole*) has put some 300 to garrison it.

Send on word to Biggleswade, to hasten those slow fellows. We are upon no child's-play; and must have all help as we (*they*) may. — At same time, I will buy your Spanish Headpiece you shewed me; I will give you Five Pieces for it, and my Scots one: at all rates, I will fain have it. So rest

Your Friend,

O. C.

The East Foot (*from Suffolk, &c.*) are come in, to some 600 men, I learn. Say so to those Biggleswade dormice.

Squire has jotted on this letter: "12 April, 1642" (meaning 1643) "as we were upon our Lincoln riding."

NO. XVIII.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. *Haste.*

ELY, This 13th day April, 1642 (*for 1643.*)

SIR,

I got your Letter and the Headpiece [*See Nos. 16, 17.*] I find we want much ere we march. Our Smiths are hard 'on' work at shoes. Press me Four more Smiths as you come on: I must have them, yea or nay; say I will pay them fee, and let go after shoeing,—home, and no hindrances.

I am glad Berry is of our mind; and in so good discipline of his men,—next to good arms, sure victory, under God.—I am

Your Friend,

O. C.

NO. XIX.

To Mr. S. Squire, at his Quarters, Oundle: These. *Haste.*

ELY, this day Monday, '—, 1643.'

SIR,

The Pay of the three Troops is come down; therefore come over by Twelve to-morrow, and see to it. I can hear nothing of the man that was sent me out of Suffolk and Essex. I fear he is gone off with the money. If so, our means are straitened beyond my power to redeem;—so must beg of you to lend me 200 Pieces more, to pay them; and I will give you an order on my Farm at Slepe, as security, if Parliament fail payment, which I much doubt of.

I got the money out of Norfolk last Friday: it came, as usual, ill; and lies at my Son's quarters safely: also the Hertfordshire money also (*sic*), which lies at his quarters also. The money which was got from the man at Boston is all gone: I had to pay 20 *per centum* for the changing it, and then take Orders on certain you know of, which will reduce it down to barely £60 in the 100:—which is hard case on us who strive, thus to lose our hard earnings by men who use only pens, and have no danger of life or limb to go through.

Bring me the Lists of the Foot now lying in Garrison. I fear those men from Suffolk are being tried sorely by money from certain parties,—whom

I will hang if I catch playing their tricks in my quarters; by law of arms I will serve them. Order Isham to keep the Bridge, (it is needful,) and shoot any one passing who has not a pass. The Service is one that we must not be nice upon, to gain our ends. So shew him my words for it.

Tell Captain Russell my mind on his men's drinking the poor man's ale and not paying. I will not allow any plunder: so pay the man, and stop their pay to make it up. I will cashier officers and men, if such is done in future.

So let me see you by noon-time; as I leave, after dinner, for Cambridge. Sir, I am

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Isham," who is to keep the bridge on this occasion, "left the regiment at the same time as Squire did," (the First War being ended,) "and went to sea, as did many others: so said *Journal*." (Note by the Transcriber.)

NO. XX.

Address torn off, date eaten by moths; the former to be guessed at, the latter not.

'To Mr. Squire.'

'— — — 1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

— I pray you\* send a Hundred Pounds to 81 at Ipswich: also a Hundred Pounds to 92 in Harwich; also Fifty-two Pounds to 151 at Aldborough;—and do not delay an hour. W. [*Wild-man*!] is returned: they are all fit to burst at news come in; and, I much fear, will break out. So I am now going over to clip their wings. I shall be back in five days, if all be well.

Henry has borrowed of you Fifty Pieces, I learn. Do not let him have any more; he does not need it; and I hope better of you than go against my mind. I rest,

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXI.

To Mr. Squire at his Quarters, Chatteris; Haste, haste.

Headquarters, Monday, daybreak.

SIR,

Wildman has seen one who says you have news. How is this I am not put in possession of it? Surely you are aware of our great need. Send or come to me by dinner. I am,

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXII.

To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Downham.

[No date] '1643.'

DEAR FRIEND,

I learn from Burton (112) that one landed at the Quay from Holland, who was let go, and is now gone on by way of Lynn. I hear he has a peaked beard, of a blue black color; of some twenty-five years old; I think from my letters, a Spaniard. See to him. He will needs cross the Wash; stop him, and bring him to me. I shall lie at Bury, if not at Newmarket; so be off quickly.—From

Your Friend,

O. CROMWELL.

Haste—ride on spur.

\*Some such phrase, and the half of 'Friend,' have gone by moths.

Squire has endorsed: "Got the man at Tilney, after a tussle, two troopers hit, and he sore cut, even to loss of life. Got all."

NO. XXIII.

Mr. Waters is some lukewarm committee-man; whose lazy backwardness, not to say worse of it, this Colonel can endure no longer. Squire (by whatever chance the letter came into Squire's hand) has endorsed as memorandum: "149 [and other cipher marks] lives at his house"—which perhaps may explain the thing!

To Mr. Waters at the Cross Keys: These in all speed.

LINCOLN, 25 July, 1643.

SIR,

If no more be done than you and yours have done, it is well you give over such powers as you have to those who will. I say to you now my mind thereto: If I have not that aid which is my due, I say to you I will take it. And so heed me; for I find your words are mere wind; I shall do as I say, if I find no aid come to me by Tuesday. Sir, I rest, as you will,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXIV.

Here are the Ca'ndishers again; scouring the world, like hungry wolves; swift, mount, and after them!

To Captain Montague or Sam Squire: Haste, haste, on spur.

WISBEACH, this day — July, 1643.'

SIR,

One has just come in to say the Ca'ndishers have come as far as Thorney, and done a great mischief, and drove off some three score fat beasts.

Pray call in, and follow them; they cannot have got far. Give no quarter; as they shed blood at Bourne, and slew three poor men not in arms. So make haste. From

Your Friend and Commander,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Here, too, is a letter from Henry Cromwell, copied by my correspondent from Squire's old papers; which is evidently of contiguous or slightly prior date, and well worth saving:

'To Captain Berry, at his Quarters, Whittlesca: These in all haste.

'— 18 July, 1643.

'SIR,

'There is great news just come in, by one of our men who has been home on leave. The Candishers are coming on hot. Some say 80 troops, others 50 troops. Be it as it may, we must go on. Vermuyden has sent his Son to say, We had better push on three troops as scouts, as far as Stamford; and hold Peterborough at all costs, as it is the Key of the Fen, which if lost much ill may ensue. Our news says, Candish has sworn to sweep the Fens clear of us. How he handles his broom, we will see when we meet; he may find else than dirt to try his hand on, I think! Last night came in Letters from the Lord General; also money, and ammunition a good store.

'Our men being ready, we shall ride in and join your Troop at dawn. Therefore send out scouts

to see. Also good intelligencers on foot had better be seen after; they are best, I find, on all occasions. Hold the Town secure; none go in or out, on pain of law of arms and war. Sharman is come in from Thrapstone; there was a Troop of the King's men driving, but got cut down to a man—not far from Kettering, by the Bedford Horse, and no quarter given, I hear.

'Sir, this is all the news I have. My Father desires me to say, Pray be careful! Sir, I rest,

'Your humble Servant,

'HENRY CROMWELL.'

On the same sheet follow four lines of abstruse cipher, with a signature which I take to mean 'Oliver Cromwell;' apparently some still more secret message from the Colonel himself.

On Friday, 28 July, 1643, precisely ten days after this letter, occurred the action at Gainsborough, where poor General Cavendish, 'handling his broom' to best ability, was killed; and a good account, or good instalment of account to begin with, was given of these Ca'ndishers.\*

NOS. XXV.—XXXV.

Our last batch consists of eleven letters; all of which, except two only, bear date 1643; and all turn on the old topics. Squire's more intimate relation to Oliver naturally ceased as the sphere of action widened—as the "valiant Colonel," having finished his Eastern-Association business, emerged as a valiant General into Marston battle, into England at large. After 1643, there is only one letter to Squire; and that on personal business, and dated 1645.

NO. XXV.

*To Mr. Squire at his Quarters, Wisbeach, at Mr. Thorne's House there: by my Son Henry.*

August, 2d day, 1643.

SIR,

My Lord Manchester has not the power to serve as you would [*as you wish*] for York: but I will see if I can do it for him, to serve you in my Kinsman's [*Whalley's, Desborow's, Walton's?*] troop.

I will give you all you ask for that Black you won last Fight. I remain,

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

'Last fight' is Gainsborough with the Ca'ndishers; which occurred a week ago—and has yielded Squire a horse among other things.

NO. XXVI.

*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, the Flag.*

Thursday, 3d August, 1643.

SIR,

These are to require you to bring the State-ments of the Troopers who were on the road, when they stopped the Wains containing the Arms going from [*word illegible; my correspondent writes "Skegness"*] to Oxford; that they be paid their dues for the service.

I learn from Jackson that some of the Suffolk Troop requires Passes to return home to Harvest.

\* Letters and Speeches, i. 182.

Now, that is hardly to be given; seeing we are after Lynn Leaguer, and require all aid needful to surround them [*the Lynn Malignants*];—Say I cannot grant their requesting. Have they not had great manifesting of God's bounty and grace, in so short a time? I am filled with surprise at this fresh requiring of these selfish men. Let them write home, and hire others to work. I will grant no fresh Passes: The Lord General is against it; and so am I, fixed in my mind.

Do you ride over to Swaffham, and buy Oats for 2,000 horses; we shall require as many, to come on to Gaywood, (!) by order, as needed. Also see to the Hay;—and let your servants see well that no imposition is practised. I must insist on due weight and measure for man and horse; or let the chapmen look to their backs and pouches! I stand no rogue's acts here, if they are tolerated in London I will have my pennyworth for my penny.

Send on a Trooper to Norwich and Yarmouth for news. Bid them call at 112 and 68, and ask Mr. Parmenter (!) after 32; he is fox, I hear. I fear Burton is double. I am,

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

I sent a Pass to your Kinsman.

NO. XXVII.

*'To Mr. Squire.'*

'17 August, 1643.'

Bid Three Troops go on to Downham, and come by way of Wisbeach. Tell Ireton my mind on his shooting that Spy without learning more. I like it not. His name is Nickols, I hear. It were well no news took air of it.

O. C.

"From Col. Cromwell on his way to siege of Lynn, August 17, 1643:" so Squire docketed; which enables us to date. Further in regard to 'Ireton's matter,' (the well-known Ireton,) there stood in the *journal*, says my correspondent: "This man was shot in Thorney Fen; he was a spy and had done great injury. He had 500 gold pieces in his coat, and a pass of Manchester's and one of the king's." To which my correspondent adds in his own person: "Shooting spies, and hanging newsmongers, was very often done; and to me very horrible was the news I read often in the *journal* of such doings."

NO. XXVIII.

The 'great work on hand' is a ride to Lincolnshire; which issued in Winceby fight, or Horncastle fight, on Wednesday next.

*To 'Auditor Squire.'*

ELY, Thursday, October [*moths*] '5th, 1643.'

DEAR SIR,

Hasten with all speed you may, and come on the spur to me at Ely: we have a great work on hand, and shall need us all to undertake it. May the Lord be with us. Haste your men. I must see you by to-morrow sunset, as we start next day. From

Yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Came by the Colonel's Music"—so Squire endorses. For Winceby fight, which followed on Wednesday next, see *Letters and Speeches*, i. 194—7.



NO. XXIX.

Home at Ely again; in want of various domestic requisites—a drop of mild brandy, for one.

*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters, Dereham, or elsewhere: Haste, haste.*

ELY, 15 November, 1643.

SIR,

With all speed, on getting this, see Cox; his Quarters are at the Fort on the South End. Tell him to send me two Culverins, also a small Mortar-piece, with match, powder and shot; also a Gunner and his mates, as I need them.

Buy of Mr. Teryer a case of Strong-waters for me;—and tell the Bailiff to order on such Volunteers as we can; we need all we can get. And get a cask of cured Fish for me. Do not fail sending on, with good speed, the Cannons; we stay for them.

In haste, yours,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXX.

*To Mr Squire at his Quarters.*

This day, Friday noon, '— November, 1643.'

SIR,

Your Letter is more in the Lord General's business than mine; but to serve you am well pleased at all times. I have writ to the Captain at Loughborough to mind what he is about; at the same time, if your Kinsmen are Papists, I do not know well how I dare go against the Law of Parliament to serve them. I have, to oblige you, done so far: Take a Pass, and go over and see to this matter, if you are inclined. But I think they, if prudent, will get no further ill.

I shall want the Blue Parcel of Papers you know of; send them by your Music. Sir, I am

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire endorses: "My cousin would not leave the nunnery, so left her." But see next letter, for a wiser course.

NO. XXXI.

*To Mr. Squire, at his Quarters Fotheringay.*

PETERBOROUGH, This day, 2 December, 1643.

DEAR FRIEND,

I think I have heard you say that you had a relation in the Nunnery at Loughborough. Pray, if you love her, remove her speedily; and I send you a Pass—as we have orders to demolish it, and I must not dispute orders: [no.]—There is one of the Andrews' in it; take her away. Nay give them heed to go, if they value themselves. I had rather they did. I like no war on women. Pray prevail on all to go, if you can. I shall be with you at Oundle in time. From

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has written on the other side: "Got my Cousin Mary and Miss Andrews out, and left them at our house at Thrapstone, with my aunt, same night; and the troops rode over, and wrecked the nunnery by order of Parliament."

NO. XXXII.

Some cathedral or other church duty, come in course; at which young Montague, Captain of the

St. Neot's troop, would fain hesitate! Readers may remember Mr. Hitch of Ely—about a fortnight after the date here.\* 'Monuments of superstition and idolatry,' they must go: the Act of Parliament, were these nothing more, is express!

'To Mr. Squire.'

Christmas Eve, '1643.'

SIR,

It is to no use any man's saying he will not do this or that. What is to be done is no choice of mine. Let it be sufficient it is the Parliament's Orders, and we to obey them. I am surprised at Montague to say so. Shew him this: if the men are not of a mind to obey this Order, I will cashier them, the whole Troop. I heed God's House as much as any man: but vanities and trumpery give no honor to God, nor idols serve Him; neither do painted windows make them more pious. Let them do as Parliament bid them, or else go home—and then others will be less careful to do what we had done [might have done] with judgment.

I learn there is 4 Men down with the Sickness, in the St. Neot's Troop now at March. Let me hear: so ride over, and learn all of it.—Sir, I am

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire has endorsed: "They obeyed the order."

NO. XXXIII.

This letter, in my copy of it, is confidently dated "Stilton, 31 July, 1643;" but, for two reasons, the date cannot be accepted. First, there is a letter long since printed, which bears date *Huntingdon*, instead of Stilton, with precisely the same day and year—the letter concerning Gainsborough fight, namely.† Secondly, in the letter now before us there is allusion to 'Horncastle' or Winceby fight, which had not happened in 'July,' nor till 11 October following. If for July we read Jan<sup>y</sup>, January, 1643—4, there is a better chance of being right.

'To Auditor Squire.'

STILTON, 31 'January,' 1643.

DEAR SIR,

Buy those Horses; but do not give more than 18 or 20 Pieces each for them: that is enough for Dragoons.

I will give you 60 Pieces for that Black you won at Horncastle (if you hold to a mind to sell him,) for my Son who has a mind to him.—Dear Sir, I am

Your Friend,

15 is come in.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXXIV.

Red coats for the first time! My correspondent gives the following annotation: "I remember, in *journal*, mention of all the East men" (Association men) "wearing red coats, horse and foot, to distinguish them from the king's men; and it being used after by whole army. And I think it was after Marston Battle;—but the *journal* was full of the rowes of the men, and corporals' cabals."

\* Letters and Speeches, i., 198.

† Ibid. i., 182.

To Mr. Russell, at his Quarters, Bromley by Bowe.

[No date at all] '1644.'

SIR,

I learn your Troop refuse the new Coats. Say this: Wear them, or go home. I stand no nonsense from any one. It is a needful thing we be as one in Colour; much ill having been from diversity of clothes, to slaying 'of friends by friends.' Sir, I pray you heed this.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

NO. XXXV.

Cornet or Auditor Squire, it would appear by my correspondent's recollections of the lost *journal*, was promoted to be lieutenant for his conduct in Naseby fight: "he afterwards got wounded in Wales or Cornwall; place named *Turo*, I think,"—undoubtedly at Truro in Cornwall, in the ensuing autumn. Here, next spring, 1645—6, while the service is like to be lighter, he decides on quitting the army altogether.

To Lieutenant Squire at his Quarters, Tavistock: These.

3 March, 1645.

SIR,

In reply to the Letter I got this morning,—I am sorry you 'so' resolve; for I had gotten you your Commission as Captain from the Lord General, and waited only your coming to give it you. Think twice of this. For I intended your good; as I hope you knew my mind thatwise. But so if you will,—I will not hinder you. For, thanks be given to God, I trust now all will be well for this Nation; and an enduring Peace be, to God his glory and our prosperity.

Now there is between you and me some reckoning. Now I hope to be in London, say in three weeks, if God speed me in this matter. Call at the Speaker's, and I will pay you all your due. Pray send me a List of the Items, for guide to me [*for me to guide.*] Let me know what I owe your Brother for the Wines he got me out of Spain to my mind.—Sir, let me once more wish you 'would' think over your resolution, that I may serve you.

Your Friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

Squire, in his idle moments, has executed on this sheet a rude drawing of a pen and sword; very rude indeed; with these words: "Ten to one the Feather beats the Iron;" that is Squire's endorsement on this his last remaining letter from Oliver; indicating a nascent purpose, on the part of Squire, to quit the army after all.

With which nascent purpose, and last letter, we should so gladly take our leave of him and his affairs; were it not that there still remain, from the burnt *journal*, certain miscellaneous scraps, transitory jottings of lists and the like, copied by our correspondent—which, though generally of the character of mere opaque ashes, may contain here and there some fragment of a burnt bone, once a hero's; and claim to be included in this which may be called the *Funeral Urn of the Ironsides*, what is left to us of them after the fire. These scraps too, let us hastily shoot them in, therefore; and so end. [Our receptacle is full: so shoot not here.—*Living Age.*]

CXCIV. LIVING AGE. VOL. XVI. 15

From Sharpe's Magazine.

STANISLAUS; OR, THE MILL OF MARIEMONT.

THE following narrative was related by Constantine, Count Sobieski, a descendant of John Sobieski, king of Poland, and who seemed to have inherited the spirit of that great monarch:—

In the year 1771, when, instigated by the courts of Vienna and Constantinople, the confederate lords of Poland were laying waste their country from one end to the other, and perpetrating all kinds of outrage on the loyal inhabitants, a plan was laid for surprising and taking the king's person. Forty conspirators met at Czetschokon, and in presence of their commander, Pulaski, one of the most daring of these rebels, swore with the most horrid oaths to deliver Stanislaus, alive or dead, into his hands. About a month after this meeting, these noblemen, at the head of a band of assassins, disguised themselves as peasants, and concealing their arms in wagons of hay which they drove before them, entered Warsaw unsuspected. On the 3d of September, 1771, they found an opportunity to execute their scheme. At ten o'clock at night they placed themselves in those avenues of the city through which they knew his majesty must pass in his way from Villanow, where he had been dining with me. His carriage was escorted by four of his own attendants and twelve of my guards. We had scarcely lost sight of Villanow, when the conspirators rushed out, and surrounded us, commanding the coachman to stop, and beating down the men with the butt ends of their muskets. Several shots were fired into the coach; one passed through my hat, as I was getting out, sword in hand, the better to repel an attack, the motive of which I could not divine. A cut across my right leg, with a sabre, soon laid me, under the wheels; and, whilst I lay there, I heard the shot pouring into the coach like hail, and felt the villains stepping over my body to finish the murder of the king. It was then that our friend Butzon, who was at that period a private in my service, stood between his sovereign and the rebels. In an instant he received several balls through his limbs, and a thrust from a bayonet in his breast, which cast him, weltering in his blood, upon me. By this time all the persons who had formed the escort were wounded or dispersed. Being now secure of their prey, one of the assassins opened the carriage door, and, with shocking imprecations, seizing the king by the hair, exclaimed, "Tyrant, we have thee now; thy hour is come!" and discharged a pistol so near his majesty's face that he felt the heat of the flash. A second villain cut him on the forehead with a sword, whilst a third, who was on horseback, laying hold of his collar between himself and another, at full gallop dragged him along the ground, all through the suburbs of the city.

During the latter part of this outrageous scene some of our frightened people returned with a detachment; and seeing Butzon and me almost lifeless, carried us to the royal palace, where all was commotion and alarm. The foot-guards immediately

followed the track that the conspirators had seemed to take. In one of the streets they found the king's hat, dyed in blood, and his pelisse, perfectly reticulated with bullet-holes. This confirmed their apprehensions of his death ; and they came back, filling all Warsaw with dismay. The assassins, meanwhile, got clear of the town ; finding, however, that the king, by loss of blood, weakness, and wounds in his feet, was not likely to exist much longer in their manner of dragging him towards their employer, they set him on a horse, and redoubled their speed. When they came to the moat which surrounds Warsaw, they compelled him to leap across it. In the attempt his horse fell twice, and, at the second fall, broke its leg ; they then compelled him, fainting as he was with pain, to mount another, and spur it over. The conspirators had no sooner passed the ditch, than they threw his majesty down, and held him, whilst Lukwaski tore from his neck the ribbon of the black eagle and its diamond cross. Lukwaski was so foolishly sure of his prisoner that he quitted his charge, and repaired with his spoils to Pulaski, meaning to show them as an incontestible proof of his success. Many of the other plunderers followed his example, leaving seven only of the party, with Kosinski at their head, to conduct the unfortunate Stanislaus.

The night was become so dark that they could not be sure of their way, and their horses stumbling at every step over stumps of trees, and hollows in the earth, increased their fears to such a degree that they obliged the king to keep up with them on foot : in doing this he literally marked his path with blood, his shoes having been torn off in the struggle in the carriage. Thus they continued, wandering backwards and forwards, and round the skirts of Warsaw, without any exact knowledge of their situation. The men who guarded him became, at length, so much afraid that their prisoner would take advantage of these circumstances to escape, that they repeatedly called on Kosinski for orders to put him to death. Kosinski refused ; but their demands growing more violent and imperious, the king momentarily expected to receive the points of their bayonets in his breast.

As for myself, when I recovered from my swoon, and my leg was bound up, I felt myself able to stir ; and questioning the officers who stood about my couch, I found that a general panic had seized them. They knew not how to proceed ; they shuddered at leaving the king to the mercy of the confederates, and yet were fearful by pursuing them further to incense them. I tried what I could to dispel this last dread. Anxious, at any rate, to make another attempt to preserve him, though I could not ride myself, I strenuously advised an immediate pursuit on horseback ; and that neither darkness nor danger should be permitted to impede their course. A little spirit on the part of the nobles soon brought back hope and animation to the terrified soldiers, and my orders were instantly obeyed ; but, I must add, almost as in-

stantly disappointed ; for in less than half an hour they returned in despair, showing me his majesty's coat, which they had found in the fosse. It was rent in several places, but so wet with blood, that the officer who presented it to me declared it as his opinion that they had murdered the king there, and had drawn away the body ; for by the light of the torches he could trace the drops of blood to a considerable distance.

Meanwhile the king was driven before the seven conspirators so far into the wood of Biclancy, that, not knowing whither they went, they came to one of the guard-houses, and to their extreme terror were accosted by a patrol. Four of the banditti instantly disappeared, leaving only two with Kosinski ; who, much alarmed, forced his prisoner to walk faster, and keep a profound stillness. Notwithstanding all this precaution, they were challenged by a second watch ; and the other two men taking flight left Kosinski alone with the king. His majesty, sinking with pain and fatigue, besought permission to rest for a moment. Kosinski refused, and putting his sword to his heart compelled him to proceed. The king obeyed in silence. As they walked on, the unfortunate Stanislaus, scarcely able to drag one limb after the other, observed that his conductor gradually seemed to forget his vigilance, till at last he appeared lost in thought. He took courage at this ; and conceiving some hope he ventured to say,—

“ I see that you know not how to proceed ; you cannot but be aware that the enterprise in which you are engaged, end how it will, is full of danger to you. Successful conspirators are always jealous of each other : Pulaski will find it as easy to rid himself of your life as mine. Avoid this danger : and I promise you none on my account. Suffer me to enter the convent of Biclancy—we cannot be far from it ; and then do you provide for your safety.”

Kosinski, rendered desperate by circumstances, replied,—

“ No ; I have sworn ; and I would rather sacrifice my life than my honor.”

They continued to break their way through the underwood till they arrived close to Mariemont. Here Stanislaus, unable to move another step, fell back against a tree, and again implored for one moment's rest to recover some power to move. Kosinski now consented. This unexpected act of humanity gave his majesty courage to employ the minutes during which they sat together in another attempt to soften his heart, and to convince him that the oath he had taken was atrocious, and by no means binding to a brave and virtuous man.

Kosinski heard him with attention, and exhibited strong symptoms of being affected.

“ But,” said he, “ if I should assent to what you propose, and reconduct you back to Warsaw, what will be the consequence to me ? I shall be taken and executed.”

“ I give you my word,” answered the king, “ that you shall not suffer any injury. But, if you doubt my honor, escape while you can. I



shall find my way to some place of shelter, and will direct your pursuers to take the opposite road to that which you may choose. Kosinski, entirely overcome, threw himself on his knees before his majesty; and, imploring pardon for what he had done, swore that from that hour he would defend his king against all the conspirators, and would trust to his word for future preservation.

The king then directed him to seek refuge for them both in the mill, near which they were discoursing. Kosinski obeyed and knocked, but no one gave answer. He then broke a pane of glass in the window, and through the aperture begged succor for a nobleman, who had been waylaid by robbers. The miller refused to come out, or to let them in, telling them that it was his belief they were robbers too, and if they did not go away he would fire on them.

This dispute had not long continued, when the king contrived to crawl close up to the window, and say,—

“My good friend, if we were banditti, as you suppose, it would be as easy for us, without all this parley, to break into your house, as to break this pane of glass; therefore, if you would not incur the shame of suffering a fellow-creature to perish for want of assistance, let us in.”

This argument prevailed, and the man admitted them. After some trouble, his majesty obtained writing materials, and addressed a few lines to me at the palace, which he prevailed upon one of the miller's sons to carry. The joy experienced at the receipt of this note I cannot describe. The words it contained were literally these:—

“By the miraculous hand of Providence, I have escaped from the hands of assassins. I am now at the mill of Mariemont. Send as soon as possible and take me away. I am wounded, but not dangerously.”

Regardless of my condition, I instantly got into a carriage, and followed by a detachment of horse, arrived at the mill. I met Kosinski at the door, keeping guard with his sword drawn. As he knew my person he admitted me directly. The king had fallen into a sleep, and lay in one corner of the hovel on the ground, covered with the miller's cloak. To see the most virtuous monarch in the world thus abused by his ungrateful subjects pierced me to the heart, and kneeling down by his side, I took hold of his hand, and, in a paroxysm of tears, which I am not ashamed to confess, I exclaimed, “I thank Almighty God that I again see my sovereign alive!” These words struck the simple family with amazement; they instantly dropped on their knees before the king, whom my voice had awakened. The good Stanislaus, graciously thanking them for their kindness, told the miller to come to the palace the next day, when he would show him substantial proofs of his gratitude. Soon after the officers of the detachment assisted his majesty and myself into the carriage; and, accompanied by Kosinski, we reached Warsaw about six in the morning. His majesty alighted at the palace, amidst the joyous shouts of

the people, “The king is alive.” Never, whilst I live, shall I again behold such a scene. The great gate was ordered to be left open. Every soul in Warsaw, from the highest to the lowest, came to catch a glimpse of their rescued king.

The reader may perhaps like to know what became of Kosinski. The king presented him to the people as his preserver; they loaded him with demonstrations of gratitude, calling him the “savior of their good king,” but in a day or two, when the facts became known, he felt he might meet with different treatment, and therefore petitioned his majesty for leave to depart. The king consented, and he retired to Senigaglia, in the Papal territories.

From the North British Review.

1. *Micrographia, containing Practical Essays on Reflecting, Solar, Oxyhydrogen Gas Microscopes, Micrometers, Eye-pieces, &c.* By C. R. GORING, M. D., and ANDREW PRITCHARD, Esq., M. R. I. 8vo, pp. 231. London, 1837.
2. *Microscopic Illustrations of Living Objects, and Researches concerning the Methods of constructing Microscopes, and instructions for using them.* 3d Edition. By ANDREW PRITCHARD, M. R. I. With a Supplement on the Verification of Microscopic Phenomena, and an exact method of testing Microscopes. By C. R. GORING, M. D. 8vo, pp. 296. London, 1845.
3. *Des Microscopes, et de leur usage, &c. &c. Manuel complet de Micrographie.* Par CHARLES CHEVALIER, Ingénieur-Opticien. 8vo, pp. 264. Paris, 1839.
4. *Le Microscope Pancratique.* Par le PROFESSEUR A. FISCHER. 8vo, pp. 228. Moscou, 1841.

THE three first works which we have placed at the head of this notice, are the productions of eminent individuals, who are not only well acquainted with the principles and construction of microscopes, but who have rightly appreciated and eagerly adopted all the suggestions and improvements which have from time to time been made by natural and experimental philosophers. The deductions of theory, and the results of experiment, have been happily combined in all the variety of forms in which the simple and compound microscope are presented to us in these volumes; and the instructions which they contain for using the microscope, and for testing its powers, and for preparing and illuminating the objects to which it is to be applied, will be found of inestimable value to the amateur who is in search only of instruction and amusement, and to the anatomist, the physiologist, and the naturalist, who now find that the microscope is an instrument indispensable for the purposes of original research.

The *Micrographia* contains in its first chapter a history and minute description of the reflecting microscope, (or *engiscope*, as Dr. Goring calls it,) invented by Professor Amici of Modena. In this instrument the object to be examined is placed at the side of the tube, and reflected into a small concave spherical or ellipsoidal speculum, which forms a magnified image of it in the axis of the tube, and this image is magnified by a single or

double eye-piece, as in other compound microscopes. This microscope was greatly improved by Dr. Goring and Mr. Cuthbert, an ingenious optician who succeeded in executing small ellipsoidal specula, whose solar foci were 3, 4, 5, and 6 tenths of an inch, with angles of aperture of  $55^\circ$ ,  $41\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ ,  $36\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ , and  $27\frac{1}{2}^\circ$ , respectively. There can be no doubt of the excellence of this instrument when used by a skilful and practised observer like Dr. Goring; but it has many disadvantages, which will prevent it from coming into general use. The risk of the specula being tarnished, is an objection which cannot be remedied.

Dr. Goring treats in his second chapter of micrometers and their use in measuring foci, and in his third chapter of monochromatic illumination. In 1831 Dr. Goring had printed in the *Edinburgh Journal of Science*,\* a paper on monochromatic illumination, in which he took a very incorrect view of the nature and homogeneity of the monochromatic light, which can be produced both by absorptive media and by the combustion of muriate of soda dissolved in diluted alcohol. The misapprehensions under which he labored were pointed out by the editor of that Journal in a subsequent paper,† and the chapter now before us contains a correction and modification of his former views. Still, however, our author labors under the mistake of not believing in the value of monochromatic illumination. His want of faith, however, is entirely owing to the imperfection of his experiments with it, for he has obviously never procured the fine yellow homogeneous light, which the proper combustion of the salts of soda never fails to yield.

In his fourth chapter, Dr. Goring describes a very complete solar microscope, of a very novel and interesting kind. It possesses the property of displaying a picture of the object on a curved surface lying horizontally, and so placed in a large darkened camera, that two or more persons can observe it at the same time. It can also be used like the common solar microscope, so as to throw the image of the object upon the wall of a darkened room.

The reader will find much interesting and useful information, and the practical philosopher many valuable suggestions, in the remaining chapters of the *Micrographia*—on the comparative merits of different microscopes, with rules for trying them—on the spherical and chromatic aberration of eye-pieces—on the effects of using microscopes with a fixed power, and with various angles of aperture—on the construction and management of solar and oxy-hydrogen gas microscopes, and on the methods of dissecting microscopic objects under fluids. In a short appendix our authors have given Mr. Bauer's method of "making drawings of microscopic objects, and the Rev. J. B. Reade's method of illuminating microscopic objects." Dr. Bauer employs two glass micrometers, each having 40 divisions in an inch, and crossed or squared over

their whole surface. One of these, with the lines sharply engraven on a thin and clear plate of glass, is placed in the focus of the eye-glass of the microscope, while the other is placed on the stage, having its lines strongly engraven and well blackened, that they may be distinctly seen when viewed through the micrometer in the eye-piece. The two micrometers being thus placed, Mr. Bauer observes how many divisions in the eye-piece micrometer are contained in one division, or the 40th part of an inch, in the stage micrometer. Suppose that 10 divisions are contained in it, then one division of the eye lens micrometer will be the 10th part of the 40th of an inch, or the 400th part of an inch, and consequently one square inch will thus be divided into 160,000 squares. The micrometer on the stage is now no longer required. When a magnified drawing, therefore, of a small object is to be made, M. Bauer traces on his drawing-paper a number of squares similar to those on the micrometer, so that the size of each square is an inch. He then places the minute object on the stage, and viewing it through the squares of the micrometer in the eye-piece, he moves the object till one extremity of it touches one of the lines of a square in the eye lens micrometer, and he then proceeds to draw the object on his square-ruled paper. Having obtained correct outlines of the object, he subjects it to a microscope of higher power, in order to insert correctly all the minuter parts of the object which were imperfectly seen in the other microscope. In drawings thus executed all the objects are magnified 400 times in linear measure, and 160,000 times in superficial measure.

Mr. Reade's method of illuminating microscopic objects consists in using *oblique refracted* light, the field of view being kept wholly darkened. We have frequently had occasion to use this method of illumination long before Mr. Reade published his account of it, and indeed could not avoid using it in experiments for measuring the size of particles or lines which produce the colors of striated or grooved surfaces, the obliquity of the ray which exhibits any color affording a measure of the size of the particles or lines by which these colors are produced, as in Dr. Young's observations with the eriometer.

The *Microscopic Illustrations of Living Objects*, by Mr. Pritchard, was first published in 1829; a second edition appeared in 1838, and it has now reached a third edition. After an introduction of 30 pages, forming chapter I., on the application of the microscope to the sciences, with an account of its recent improvements, in which our author makes honorable mention of the labors of his contemporaries, he proceeds, in the 2d, 3d, and 4th chapters, to describe in succession, and represent in three beautifully colored plates, 1st, the larva of a straw-colored plumed culex or gnat, the *Tipula crystallina* of De Geer; 2dly, the larva and chrysalis of a day fly, the *Ephemera marginata* of Stephens; and 3dly, the larva of a species of British Hydrophilus, the *Hydrophilus caraboides*. The transformation of the *Tipula* from the larva

\* Vol. v. New Series, p. 52.

† Id. Id., p. 143. See also *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Art. "Microscope." Vol. xv., p. 51, chap. v.

to the pupa exhibits a most wonderful phenomenon. "Although the whole operation is under the immediate inspection of the observer yet so complete is the change that its former organization can scarcely be recognized in its new state of existence." The tail, consisting of 22 beautifully plumed branches, is converted into two fine membranous tissues, ramified with numerous vessels. When the *Ephemera marginata* is young it is a fine subject for the solar achromatic microscope. The circulation of the blood, the peristaltic motion of the intestines, and the pulsation of the dorsal vessel, may be observed by any number of persons. When the ephemerata is perfect it hovers about in the air. "The male and female generate. The latter drops its eggs in the water, and both die, existing only a few short hours to perform all the offices destined for them to fulfil in the economy of nature." If these insects are kept from sexual intercourse they may live for several days. The *Hydrophilus caraboides*, or Water Devil, is a ferocious and savage creature, and is provided with numerous and powerful weapons of destruction, with which it attacks small fish and other animals larger than itself. It procures its crustaceous prey with its mandible—it shakes it as a dog does a rat, and it sucks, tears, and masticates it.

In the two following chapters Mr. Pritchard treats of the terms used in microscopic science, and gives an excellent description of an *achromatic microscope*, together with its apparatus and the mode of using it in the examination of objects of various kinds; and in the four next and last chapters Dr. Goring makes some practical remarks on microscopes for viewing and drawing aquatic larvæ, and discusses the merits of different stands and mountings for microscopes—describes his *operative aplanatic engiscope*, and explains his methods of mounting and viewing various kinds of microscopic objects. The appendix to the volume contains two papers by Mr. Fox Talbot on the optical phenomena of certain crystals, an exordium by Dr. Goring, and Swammerdam's method of dissecting and preparing objects for the microscope. The papers by Mr. Talbot are exceedingly interesting, and describe phenomena, as seen by the polarizing microscope, which are among the most splendid in optics. In his first paper Mr. Talbot describes what have been called circular crystals, which are formed by crystallizing borax from a solution in phosphoric acid. These crystals exhibit a black cross forming the diameter of a great number of colored rings like the uniaxial system of rings in calcareous spar and other crystals. In his second paper Mr. Talbot describes a variety of these circular crystals of a larger size, in which there are no colored rings, but merely a black cross. Mr. Talbot likewise describes what he calls *analytic crystals*, or those which analyze polarized light, like the agate and tourmaline. These crystals may be obtained by dissolving sulphate of chromium and potash in tartaric acid by the aid of heat, and crystallizing a drop of the solution on a plate of glass. Boracic acid dissolved in water, oxalate

of chromium and potash dissolved in a solution of gum-arabic, and nitre dissolved in a similar solution, all give analytic crystals. The property of these crystals is finely seen by placing them upon a thin film of sulphate of lime under a polarizing microscope. Mr. Talbot has accurately explained the theory of these phenomena, but our limits will not allow us to enter upon the subject.

Notwithstanding the great value of the works which we have thus briefly analyzed, yet none of them contain a sufficiently *systematic* account of the principles, the construction, and the use of microscopes and micrometers. They are better fitted to assist the skilful than to instruct the ignorant; and the mere amateur or the naturalist, without optical knowledge and experience, will often find himself perplexed amid the rich disorder and superfluity of methods in which he cannot fail to be entangled. The treatise of Charles Chevalier, illustrated with four large folding plates, is particularly exempt from this criticism. It is elementary, systematic, and perspicuously written, and we warmly recommend it to the attention of the general as well as the scientific reader. M. Charles Chevalier is well known throughout Europe as an eminent optician. It was by means of one of his achromatic microscopes that the celebrated Prussian naturalist, M. Ehrenberg, completed, in 1829 and 1830, his discovery of the perfect organization of the Infusoria, which the microscopes he had previously used had but imperfectly displayed, and we have occasion to know that his instruments have been used and greatly admired by several of our most distinguished observers.

The treatise now before us commences with "Historical researches on the origin and progress of the microscope," and consists of *thirteen* chapters. In the first chapter he treats of the *Single Microscope*, including lenses of fluids, and melted glass, lenses of gems, Wollaston's Doublets, the grooved spheres of Brewster, and other improvements on the single Microscope. In the *second* chapter he describes the different *Solar Microscopes* of Lieberkhun, Æpinus, Ziehr, Martin, Adams, Lucernal Microscope;—the solar apparatuses of Gleichen and Goring;—the microscope for drawing outlines, by Vincent and himself;—the oxyhydrogen microscope, with the improvements of Galy-Cazalat and himself, and the Megagraph. The *third* chapter contains an account of the Compound Microscope in its various forms, both simple and achromatic, and a particular description of his own *Universal Microscope*, which has been so extensively used by naturalists. The Reflecting Microscopes of Smith, Amici, and Goring, are briefly described in the fourth chapter, and viewed, as we have always viewed them, as difficult to construct, difficult to use, and difficult to preserve.

The highly important subject of the *Illumination of Microscopic Objects*, whether opaque or transparent, is fully treated in chapter 5th, but not so successfully as the other topics of which he treats. In 1829, Dr. Wollaston described a new method of illumination, which is published in the



*Phil. Transactions* for that year. His object was to get rid of unnecessary light which impeded vision, and not to remove the evils arising from diffraction. Dr. Wollaston never once mentions *diffraction*, or any other cause, but that of *superfluous light*; as the origin of imperfect vision arising from the usual modes of illumination. He was not aware, indeed, that the diffraction of the light used for illumination was the evil to be corrected, and he has accordingly not corrected it by his apparatus. "In the illumination of microscopic objects," says he, "whatever light is corrected and brought to the eye beyond that which is fully commanded by the object-glasses, tends rather to impede than to assist distinct vision. My endeavor has been to collect as much of the admitted light as can be done by simple means to a focus in the same place as the object to be examined. For this purpose I have used with success a plane mirror to direct the light, and a *plano-convex* lens to collect it." In describing the apparatus itself, he says that this "plano-convex lens, or one properly crossed, (that is, its radius 1-6 or 6-1,) to have the least aberration, should be about three quarters of an inch focus, having its plane side next the object to be viewed, and at the bottom is a circular perforation A, of about three tenths of an inch diameter, for limiting the light reflected from the plane mirror, and which is to be brought to a focus at *a*, (the place of the object,) giving a *neat image* of the perforation A, at the distance of about 8-10ths of an inch from the plano-convex lens, and in the same plane as the object which is to be examined. \* \* \* For the *perfect performance* of this microscope, Dr. Wollaston adds, it is necessary that the axis of the lenses, and the centre of the *perforation* should be in the same right line. *This may be known by the image of the perforation being illuminated throughout its whole extent, and having its whole circumference equally well defined.* For illumination at night, a *common bull's-eye lanthorn may be used with great advantage.*" In the appendix to his paper, Dr. Wollaston gives the following measurements and unequivocal directions for the adjustment of his illuminating lens. "The position of the lens may be varied so as to bring the image of the perforation\* into the same plane with the object to be viewed. \* \* \* Supposing the plano-convex lens (the illuminating lens) to be placed at its proper distance from the stage, the image of the perforation may be readily brought into the same plane with the object, by fixing temporarily a small wire across the perforation with a bit of wax, viewing any object placed upon a piece of glass upon the stage of the microscope, and varying the distance of the perforation from the lens by screwing its tube until the image of the wire is seen distinctly at the same time with the object upon the piece of glass." Hence it is demonstrable that

\* That is the conjugate *focus* of the perforation, considered as a circular object, from which rays diverge—not the conjugate focus of the rays which pass through the perforation.

Dr. Wollaston illuminated his objects, not with rays of light which were actually converged upon the object, but with rays diverging from a point between the object and the illuminating lens; and it is obvious, from his recommendation to use at night a *common bull's-eye lanthorn*, that he had no idea whatever of the necessity of bringing the rays to a focus upon the object with such accuracy that they should again radiate from it as if it were self-luminous. His object seems to have been solely to get a distinct and equally illuminated disc of light of no greater diameter than what was necessary for seeing the object; for no illumination of the smallest value can be obtained unless by lenses free from chromatic and spherical aberration, or of such a short focus, from the 20th to the 80th part of an inch, that the effects of aberration become almost inappreciable.

How M. Chevalier could have so far misunderstood the purport of this criticism on Dr. Wollaston's method, as elsewhere indicated,\* we cannot conjecture. There is no doubt that Dr. Wollaston's figure, namely, fig. 1, of his plate, is quite incorrect, as M. Chevalier states; but the criticism was not founded on the erroneous figure, as he supposed, but on the description of the apparatus in the text; and we have no doubt that M. Chevalier, should this notice meet his eye, will acknowledge that he has entirely misapprehended Dr. Wollaston's method of illumination, and has not appreciated the method of Sir David Brewster, which he supposed it to resemble. To make light radiate from an object seen in a microscope of any reasonable magnifying power, by means of a plano-convex lens, or a properly crossed lens of 3-4ths of an inch focus, and 3-10ths of an inch in diameter, would be as absurd as to expect to see the satellites of Saturn through an opera-glass; and still more absurd is it when the object is illuminated by rays whose conjugate focus is the centre of a perforation within two or three inches of the lens, instead of being at very great or an infinite distance.

It is in vain to expect from the microscope that scrutiny of minute objects which it is fitted to give till it is furnished with an illuminating apparatus as perfect as its magnifying apparatus—a combination of powers which requires the microscope to be fitted up in a manner quite different from what it is at present.

The fourth treatise placed at the head of this notice contains some excellent and useful observations on simple and compound microscopes. The pancreatic microscope, which it is the principal object of the treatise to describe, differs from others, in so far as it admits a successive increase of magnifying power without changing either the eye-piece or object-glass. This is effected by using an eye-piece consisting of four lenses, two of which next the eye can be separated by a draw-tube from the other two lenses. In a report on Professor Fischer's microscope by a committee of

\* See *Edinburgh Journal of Science*, New Series, No. XI., p. 83, Jan. 1832.

the Imperial Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg, the merit of this invention, as applied to telescopes, is ascribed to Sir David Brewster, who took out a patent for it in 1812, and published an account of it in his treatise on *New Philosophical Instruments*. The report speaks favorably of its application to the microscope, the credit of which belongs to Mr. Fischer, and we have no doubt that for many purposes such an instrument would be useful; but as there is only one position of the two parts of the eye-piece in which the achromatism is most perfect, a variation of magnifying power would be better obtained by the use of different eye-pieces, as in our best microscopes.

From the N. Y. Literary World.

A COMPOUND ACHROMATIC MICROSCOPE, MADE  
BY AN AMERICAN ARTIST.

WE have lately had the pleasure of examining a microscope of high power, with some account of which our readers may be interested, both for the actual merit of the instrument, and for the circumstances under which it was made.

Mr. Charles Spencer, of Canastota, in this state, visited our city about a year ago, and had, through the kindness of a professor in one of our schools of medicine, an opportunity of examining a microscope made by Chevalier, of Paris, under the orders of the celebrated Jussieu, of the Garden of Plants. Mr. Spencer had never seen one of these instruments before, but, after careful examination, he surprised the professor, by remarking, with all the simplest confidence imaginable: "I could make a better microscope than that." The person to whom this boast was made, often, during the next six months, amused his friends with the Yankee presumption of the backwoods artist, who so confidently claimed superiority over the first optician in France. The jest lasted but six months, however, for, at the end of that time, the professor was invited to examine two lenses, one of high power, made by Mr. Spencer. To his unbounded astonishment, they proved to be of the highest order of excellence, and, as a reward to native ingenuity, he ordered a microscope from Spencer, to be modelled after those of Chevalier, and of course as much better as the native could make it. This instrument has just been completed and placed in the hands of the owner.

It has already been examined by Professor Bailey, of West Point, who has no superior as a microscopist in this country; by Prof. Torrey, who had long been in the habit of using one of Chevalier's best instruments; by Prof. Clark, Dr. Gilman, and others of our savans, who all unite in pronouncing it excellent. Prof. Bailey says it is "decidedly superior to Chevalier's," and adds, that he could do all with it that he could with the Lowell instrument at Boston.

Thus has one of our countrymen, self-taught, and almost without experience, (for Spencer has made but very few instruments, and not one on the model of this,) taken his place beside the oldest and most experienced opticians of Europe. We are happy to hear that he is already reaping the fruit of his labors. Prof. Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute, has ordered a large instrument, on which, we doubt not, all his talents will be displayed—Dr. Clark two—and others, we doubt not, will follow. No man need hereafter import a foreign instrument. We can add these to the number of our domestic manufactures.

MAN'S LOVE.

Oh! Fanny, do not sigh for me,—  
I shall not sigh for you;  
With heart unfettered, light and free,  
I smile a last adieu.  
Though strewed with flowers the sportive hours  
With Fanny that flew by,  
I could not stay another day,  
For India's gold—not I!—  
For still my bounding heart is free,  
And longs for something new;  
Then, Fanny, do not sigh for me,—  
I shall not sigh for you!

The bird that hath not built its nest,  
Is not more free than I;  
The butterfly is not more blest,—  
From sweet to sweet I fly.  
My pathway lies through sparkling eyes,  
I count them o'er and o'er;  
Each dawning light appears more bright  
Than that which shone before!  
For ah! to love them all I'm free,  
(I'll use that freedom too!)  
Then, Fanny, do not sigh for me,—  
I shall not sigh for you!

Sharpe's Magazine.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

"Thy home is not so bright, Ladye,  
As it was wont to be;—  
Thine eyes have lost their light, Ladye,  
Thy laugh its ringing glee.  
Thy step is sad and slow,—  
Thy faltering accents fail;  
Alas! that tears should flow  
Down cheeks so young and pale!  
Thou wert not once so sad and strange;—  
Oh! what has wrought this wondrous change!"

"Mine eyes are like the moon, Pilgrim,  
They shone with borrowed light;  
My cheek, like flowers of noon, Pilgrim,  
Grows pale with coming night.  
My voice is like the bird  
That greets the op'ning day;  
My laugh is only heard  
When this poor heart is gay:  
Oh! when the sun has left the sky,  
The earth is dark—and so am I!"

"The sun is shining bright, Ladye,  
Down from the summer skies:  
The flowers that sleep at night, Ladye,  
Now ope their smiling eyes.  
The birds are singing now,  
With free exulting voice;  
Nature is glad—and thou,—  
Why dost not thou rejoice?  
Look up, and greet the sun's bright beam—  
Feel that of night thou dost but dream."

"That dream is in my heart, Pilgrim,  
It lieth there so deep,  
It never will depart, Pilgrim,  
Awake, nor yet in sleep:  
A dream of severed ties,  
Of love so fond—so vain;  
Of words, and smiles, and sighs,  
That will not come again!  
My sun, alas! was not in heaven:  
Its light from human eyes was given!"

## THE MILITARY CLASS.

THE Philadelphia Public Ledger thus states a doctrine which seems to be growing very fast:

Some of the journals express apprehensions about the creation of a military class, or standing army, as ultimately fatal to our republic. They refer to the wishes expressed by the most intelligent of the Mexican population, for the continued occupation of their country by *our* armies, to protect them against their own, as something quite significant of the future to ourselves. They ask what *we* should think, if compelled to seek the protection of foreign bayonets against our own armies; and they say that this will come, if we create a numerous military class.

Though going as far as any journal in hostility to standing armies, we do not participate in these apprehensions. We regard the annihilation of Mexican nationality, the annexation of Mexico to our own republic, as a measure which will ultimately remove all necessity for standing armies. The standing armies of continental Europe are a necessity of its national subdivision. These European nations, separated by merely conventional, not natural boundaries, must fence against each other with standing armies. And as popular governments and standing armies are entirely incompatible, their governments must be despotisms of *some* kind. We despair of free governments in Continental Europe, till its standing armies disappear, and we despair of this disappearance till the European nations are incorporated in some confederacy. *Universal empire*, under some federal system, has been a favorite project with some of its great men, who saw in advance of their age, and especially with Henry IV. of France. But the attempts at universal empire made by some of its great military geniuses, and especially Napoleon, did not look beyond the aggrandizement of himself and his family. Why, then, are free governments a moral impossibility in Continental Europe? The superficial reply, "Because European nations have standing armies." But the far-seeing reply, "Because it is subdivided into different nations, which must fence against each other with standing armies." By removing the standing armies, we shall remove the despotism. Granted. But to remove the standing armies, we must first remove the national subdivision.

Applying this doctrine to our own continent, we say that with neighbor nations to fence against, we republicans must have standing armies. But with a confederacy covering the whole continent, and nothing but the continent, we shall have no national neighbors, and therefore nothing against which to raise military fences. Even England, an European nation, illustrates this doctrine, when contrasted with Continental Europe, and also when contrasted with our own country. England, safe against Continental Europe by the natural barrier of the ocean, needs no standing armies at home. When invasion is threatened, her intelligent and energetic population become a standing army for the crisis.

She once had a feudal standing army to repel the Scots, while the Scots had one to repel the English. The union of the two neighbors removed this necessity; and now, standing armies to protect one against the other, would be as useless as they would between New York and Pennsylvania. So far, England and Scotland are like the United States. But England has numerous conquered dependencies, which she must protect against other nations, or keep in order towards herself, by standing armies. Here she has something like continental subdivision, and consequently something to fence against.

Then to remove all necessity for standing armies, we must have no neighbors to fence against, or, in other words, we must extend our confederacy over the continent. In other words, we must conquer, absorb Mexico. But these journals object to the annihilation of a sister republic. Do they believe that this sister republic will ever be our ally and coöperator against Europe? A rival, hostile race, they will be our enemies under any circumstances, and therefore impose upon us the necessity of building the military fence. But will Mexico continue a republic? By no means. The European governments will impose monarchy upon it, and make monarchy an instrument of its renovation, till it becomes, like France or England, a powerful nation, with large fleets and armies, a rich aristocracy and a poor people. And they will do this to force us into standing armies against Mexico. They know that our prosperity and power flow from our republicanism. They would dry up its source; and they know that this republicanism must soon wither under an expensive military government, and that an expensive military government will become a necessity with us, when Mexico is made a powerful military monarchy.

But the journals tell us that this conquest of Mexico renders large armies necessary, and that when the conquest is completed we cannot disband the armies. Indeed! Congress have constitutional power enough for it, and the people will have the will. That a hundred thousand soldiers should be formidable to twenty millions of the most military people in the world, is a proposition that we can hardly meet seriously. Would Pennsylvania be intimidated by her *two* regiments? Were they *ten*, the state has a few more left of the same sort, competent to extinguish them on any day, in voting or fighting.

But in taking Mexico we shall take an Ireland. Yes, if we are unwise enough to follow the English example, and keep it a distinct and hostile dependency, for the benefit of an aristocracy at home. But we shall avoid all this, and make it another Louisiana, by pursuing the Russian policy of introducing our own laws, language, and customs, and thus rendering Mexico Anglo-American.

By extending our confederacy over the continent, the whole continent, and nothing but the continent, we shall ultimately remove all of a military class, and shall thus preserve our liberties.



From the Journal of Commerce.

#### THE BENEFactor OF AN EMPIRE.

WHILE scores of worthless, if not injurious, volumes, are, in this book-making age, sent out every month into the community, it is truly gratifying to meet with such a work as "The Chinese Empire," by Williams, just issued from the press of Wiley & Putnam. From the great amount of valuable information contained in these two octavo volumes, the following facts are selected respecting the labors of Dr. Morrison, the first Protestant missionary to China.

He received his appointment from the London Missionary Society in 1807, and proceeded immediately to Canton, by way of New York; the East India Company at that time refusing a passage in their ships to all missionaries, either to India or China. During the first year he lived in a room of the factory of Messrs. Milner & Bull, of New York, devoting his whole time to the study of the language. China was then a sealed country to missionaries.

In consequence of commercial difficulties in 1808, he was obliged, with all British subjects, to leave Canton and repair to Macao. There, in 1809, he accepted the appointment of translator to the East India Company; an office which furnished him all necessary security, so that he could prosecute his work with diligence and confidence; at the same time his salary was sufficient for the support of his family, and enabled him to proceed in his studies, with but little expense to the society. The translation of the Scriptures, and the printing and publishing of his numerous works, says the author, could hardly have been carried on, at that time, without the countenance and aid of that powerful and wealthy body.

In 1810 the Acts of the Apostles were issued by Dr. Morrison—the first portion of the Bible printed in Chinese—followed in 1812 by the Gospel of Luke; on each of which occasions the B. and F. Bible Society granted five hundred pounds to assist in the prosecution of the work. In 1814 the whole New Testament was published, about half of it having been translated entirely by Dr. M., and the remainder revised by him from a manuscript found in the British Museum.

The leading objects of the society, in sending Dr. Morrison to China, were the translation of the Bible and the preparation of a Dictionary, with such additional labors in preaching, teaching, and writing tracts, as he found leisure and opportunity to perform.

The compilation of the Dictionary progressed so well, that in the same year Mr. Elphinstone, Sir George Staunton, and a few others of the E. I. Company's establishment in China, interested themselves in getting it printed, and for this purpose applied to the Court of Directors in London, who, sensible of the importance of the undertaking, responded on the most liberal scale, and sent out a printer and a printing office. The first volume, of near a thousand pages, was issued in 1817, and

the whole was completed in six quarto volumes, in 1823, at an expense of £12,000.

While the Dictionary was going through the press, the Old Testament was progressing by the joint labors of Dr. Morrison and Mr. Milne, and in Nov., 1818, the entire Bible was published. In the mean time Dr. Morrison had also published, both in Chinese and English, a tract on Redemption, a translation of the Assembly's Catechism and Liturgy of the Church of England, a Synopsis of the Old Testament History, a hymn-book, a Tour of the World, and a few essays on religious subjects. Of these several works nearly thirty thousand copies were distributed. In 1815 he published a Chinese grammar; and also a small volume of dialogues in English and Chinese, and a volume entitled View of China in 1817.

Dr. Morrison accompanied Lord Amherst to Peking in 1816, as interpreter to the embassy; the return journey through the country affording him opportunity of collecting much valuable information.

In 1824, Mrs. M. having died three years previous, Dr. Morrison returned to England, where he was honorably received, presented to his majesty George IV., and warmly encouraged by all interested in the advancement of religion and learning. He published a volume of sermons while in England, formed a second matrimonial connection, and returned to China in 1826. From this time till his death in 1834, though chiefly occupied by his duties as translator to the Company, he published a Vocabulary of the Canton Dialect, in two volumes, for the use of foreign residents and seamen in their intercourse with the Chinese; also a Miscellany of useful information, in four volumes, and three or four smaller works; a Selection of Scriptural Lessons, a second edition of the Psalter and Liturgy, and a volume of hymns and prayers.

He died at the age of 52, having spent twenty-seven years of missionary labor in China, and most of that time alone. After all his toil, and faith, and prayer, he saw only three or four converts, no churches, schools, or public congregations, yet he was not discouraged. In his last letter he says, "I wait patiently the events to be developed in the course of Divine Providence. The Lord reigneth." Few men have ever accomplished so great an amount of labor, or, as a pioneer, done so much to prepare the way for evangelizing millions of the human family.

#### DOG-CHASE.

WE beg to suggest that when provision is made by congress for taking the next census of 1850, it shall be made the duty of the United States marshals and their deputies to take down the number of the dogs in the country; which, notwithstanding the extensive interest of the subject, is one on which the universal American people, who know everything, know nothing. Who can tell how many dogs we have in the United States—or who

can guess? Fifteen millions of horned cattle, twenty millions of sheep, thirty millions of hogs; these are ascertained numbers—but how are we to deduce from them the canine population? The Farmers' Library, of this month, speaking of the late Nathaniel Macon, says, he told the editor "he would not live where there was a law against dogs," and declared that "each of his negroes kept one, and that he kept thirteen." This might give us the means of striking some average for the dogs of the southern states; but the object is to find the numbers for the whole country.

We think it would be a very moderate basis of computation to allow one dog to every family in the United States. This would give us, in round numbers, about five millions of dogs; each of which, living on garbage and offal, consumes annually the food that would raise a pig, worth one dollar. The cost of feeding our dogs in the United States is, therefore, \$5,000,000 a year, and their existence is a dead loss to the nation, annually, of that amount.

But how many millions of dollars are lost by the sheep destroyed every year by dogs? That is an item which no man can compute, until congress shall choose to direct the attention of the census-takers to the subject. It will, undoubtedly, turn out, when ascertained, to be a great and prodigious loss. Few persons are aware of the havoc which a single bad dog can make among a flock of sheep in a few moments. We have been told that Major Raybold, of Delaware, computes his individual losses in this way, notwithstanding every care to prevent them by shepherds, watch-dogs and poison, at upwards of three thousand dollars; and we learn that one of his enterprising sons lost, last week, in a single night and by a single dog, eighteen or twenty sheep of an improved stock, worth ten dollars a head. We have cut from our English files an account of a canine "sheep-stealer," who seems, for a time, to have threatened the ruin of all the sheep farmers near Preston.

It is clear that "man's most faithful friend" is rather a costly one; and when we add the danger and loss of human life from hydrophobia, one is more disposed than ever to ask why the paternal attention of the government should not be directed towards the enumeration and general statistics of this branch and class of our animal population.—*American & Gazette.*

**CHASE OF A SHEEP-SLAYER.**—Extraordinary losses have recently been suffered by the farmers in the district north of Preston, from the remarkable sheep-killing propensities of a large and fierce dog, which roamed over the country at night, slaughtering sheep in every direction, and escaping by some unaccountable means the numerous snares which were set to compass its capture, dead or alive. Night after night did this mysterious brute pursue his course, creating alarm in every direction, and seemingly defying any attempt to check the mischief he was making. No farmer's flock, in the wide district he selected as the scene of his ravages, was safe from his attack; while he occasionally placed so great a distance between

the various points of his visitation, as to raise a doubt whether one dog, however ferocious and determined, could accomplish so large an amount of mischief. One morning the owner of a fine flock would ascertain that several of his choicest sheep were lying killed in his fold, and himself some thirty or forty pounds the poorer; and the next, a farmer so many miles distant as to warrant his fancying himself out of harm's way, would discover himself in a similar position, from the totally unexpected visit of this ruthless destroyer. To such a height had the ravages of the brute proceeded during an entire month, that the "country side" literally "rose in arms" against him. Nearly a hundred sheep had he torn the throats of, and though seen now and then at a distance, he never would allow a single person to come within gun-shot range of him. He was understood to be dark-colored, of unusual size, and swift of foot; but that was all, and doubts were entertained as to whether it really was a dog or not, many being inclined to believe, from the description given of it, that it might be some wild beast escaped from a travelling menagerie.

Certain it is that its appearance, in a country so thinly populated, and so quiet and retired, and the destruction that attended its path, gave rise to many stories more creditable to the imagination than to the judgment of the narrators. The excitement created naturally increased with every further account of the animal's deadly visits; and at length the farmers of the district felt themselves compelled to set watches over their flocks every night; or to house every sheep, at whatever inconvenience, before dusk. Those who know the country of which we speak, the perfect security which is felt as to any attacks on property, and the great difficulty the farmers generally would have in obtaining assistance to keep night watches, or in finding room in their outbuildings at this time of the year for anything like a flock of sheep, however small, will readily understand the desire which was universally felt to rid the country of a visitor who caused so much annoyance, anxiety and fear. In the early part of last week the farmers of the country turned out far and near, to the number of upwards of a hundred, armed with guns, pitchforks, &c., and completely scoured the district in search of their enemy, but without effect. On Saturday night week it was found that he had killed twelve sheep, at Beacon-fell-side; and on the Sunday following three or four hundred persons were on the hunt for the destroyer. In the course of the day, Mr. Logan, of Barton, got a distant shot at a large dog by the side of Barton mill, supposed to be the one all were looking for, but the animal escaped unhurt. That night he killed fifteen sheep at Catterall-hall. On Wednesday, at day break, the brute was seen in the act of tearing a sheep's throat out at Woolfell's-mill, having five others lying dead about him. The cry was immediately raised; all within hearing turned out, with such weapons as could be seized in the hurry and excitement of the moment; and the start was com-

menced with a determination to run "the game" to the death at every hazard.

Numbers of others joined the pursuers as they swept across the country; and there then began a chase, and arose a cry, such as the "Pikes" and "Fells" of that district never witnessed, or echoed to, before. Across fields, over hedges, ditches and walls; through gaps, dykes, and briars rushed the savage beast, and perseveringly followed his pursuers, resolved to have revenge. The news of the hunt spread on every side, and as those who had run longest failed for want of wind or strength, others supplied their places. Before the chase had lasted a couple of hours, many joined in it who had come the distance of ten or twelve miles. At one time it was feared the sheep-slayer would escape into the Fyle; but, fortunately, at Whinney-clough, and when he was gaining on his pursuers, Mr. J. Smith, farmer, had a shot at him, and hitting him in the hind leg, turned him back towards Barnes' lane. It was now past ten o'clock, and the pursuers, instead of slackening in speed or losing strength, appeared to increase in number and in spirit; while the dog, exhausted from his night's work, the severe run he had had, and loss of blood from the wound in his leg, showed evident symptoms of breaking up. At about half-past ten o'clock, seemingly worn out and terrified, the brute dashed into a house at Barnes' lane, in which was a woman and four children. The alarm of the poor woman may be imagined; but fortunately it was of short duration, for a young man coming up, armed with a pitchfork, drove the prongs through the ferocious beast; a second man, named Bleasdale, then cut its throat.

Thus ended this extraordinary hunt, after a run of upwards of twenty miles. Upon examination, the animal was found to fall very little short of the descriptions which had been given of it, exaggerated as they were thought to be at the time. It was of an unusual size, and very strongly made, especially in the fore parts, its legs there being as big round as a man's wrist, and the print of its fore foot measuring full three inches and a half across. Its death having been insured, a cart was obtained, and the body placed in it was taken off in triumph to Goosnargh, followed by nearly a couple of hundred farmers and others.—*Lloyd's Weekly London News.*

#### COTTON MANUFACTURES IN GEORGIA.

It will not be a matter of surprise to those who take the trouble of reflecting on the subject, if the enterprise now so active in building up large manufacturing cities in New England, should prove excessive and premature. In some points of view it is certainly not desirable that our manufacturing establishments should be concentrated in populous districts, where the sole occupation of the inhabitants will be to tend the spindles and looms and cylinders of colossal manufacturing establishments, and where an unexpected change in the market stops the machinery and deprives at once a whole community of employment and bread. So far as the morals, so far as the physical health of our population are con-

cerned, it is undeniably better that our manufacturing establishments should be scattered over the country among the agricultural population. It is equally important in an economical point of view that when their mills are compelled to stop or to slacken in activity by a decline of price, the work people should find a resource in agricultural pursuits, as they will where they are not numerous and where they live in an agricultural district. In England the districts in which the agricultural population obtain the best wages and seem to enjoy the greatest degree of comfort are those where small establishments for manufacturing purposes are situated amidst a comparatively sparse population, and the people employed in them come from the cottages of the laborers in the surrounding country. The manufacturing towns built up in our country with no regard to considerations of this sort, consisting of houses crowded together, without gardens, for families who are expected, from the parents to the youngest of the children, to follow no other occupation but that of tending the machinery of the mills, are but so many arrangements for introducing the frightful visitations of suspended industry and of destitution which so frequently come upon the manufacturing cities of Great Britain.

America, however, is not likely to become, as Great Britain has been, a country which manufactures for the world, and there are some indications that the manufacturing industry of the nation will exist hereafter in a greater state of dispersion than at present. In a paper now lying before us, the *Charleston Patriot*, we find the following statement of the success with which the manufacture of cotton cloths is prosecuted in Georgia:

"From a report which was laid before the legislature of Georgia at its last session, we learn that there are about thirty-two cotton factories in that state now in operation, or in course of construction, in the working and building of which two millions of dollars are employed, while 3,000 persons are directly engaged in them, and 6,000 derive their support from them. The consumption of provisions and agricultural products, not including cotton, for the use of these operatives, amounts annually to \$300,000. They use for manufacturing purposes from 18,000 to 20,000 bales of cotton per annum, and the amount of manufactured goods produced during the last year was equal in value to a million and a half of dollars. Of these goods one third was sold out of the state, principally in northern markets, and a part in the valley of the Mississippi. One shipment of fifty bales of cotton yarns was made to the China market, and was disposed of on favorable terms. The coarser goods manufactured in Georgia are said by the committee to stand high in the northern markets, and, in consequence of being made of better cotton, command a preference over all others of the same style. The yearly dividend to proprietors is said to be from twenty to forty per cent."

If there be no exaggeration in this account of the wealth of the Georgia manufacturers, their enterprise will not stop here. Whoever will take the trouble to look at the map of the United States will see a vast hilly region, extending from the middle counties of the state to the plains which skirt the Gulf of Mexico—a region more than a hundred miles in width, intersected with streams of rapid descent, capable of putting in motion all the looms of the civilized world. The cotton plantations of the south are close at hand, and these broad ranges of hills are beginning to pasture flocks of sheep.



The successful introduction of manufactures in Georgia, almost at the southern extremity of this region, ensures their gradual introduction all along the slopes of the Alleghanies. The eastern mill owners will do well to take these circumstances into their calculations concerning the future growth of their manufacturing towns.

We shall not be surprised to hear of cotton and woollen mills springing up in those neighborhoods of northern families who have lately emigrated with their families to Virginia. Meantime we desire our readers to note the profits which the Georgia mill owners, under the mitigated tariff, under a rate of duties proportioned to the value of the article imported, and rejecting the device of minimums which Mr. Appleton and his brethren have declared so indispensable, are realizing from their establishments even while their enterprises are scarcely begun. The report of the Georgia Legislature, in the collections of materials for the future historian, should be bound up with Abböt Lawrence's letters, and those of Mr. Clay, on the ruin which the new tariff was to inflict upon our manufacturing industry.

*N. Y. Evening Post.*

#### NEW YORK BANK NOTES.

It is now rather more than forty days since, in our paper of Nov. 30, when the money pressure began to be severe, that we cautioned our readers that the effect of that pressure would inevitably reach some of the institutions under the New York free law. In that article we gave the aggregate of 22 banks, whose circulation was \$1,879,151, secured by \$1,837,292, of New York State stock. They held \$29,849 of specie. It is to be observed that in the matter of paper money it is not *security* but *convertibility* which the holder requires. Where there is an excess of issue, that *convertibility* can be maintained only during an absence of any demand for specie. As soon as that demand springs up, it is obtained by presenting on institutions their promises to pay specie on demand. They have no specie, and therefore cannot pay until they have sold stocks; but they bought stocks when they were high, and must now sell them when they are low. In the mean time the holder who cannot wait must submit to loss, not because there is no *security*, but no *convertibility*. In our article of Nov. 30, to which we have alluded, we remarked as follows:

"If it should falter and the comptroller be obliged to sell in a falling market there would be a loss; the decline in the stock has already 'uncovered' the circulation.

"There is a new bank, called the Atlas Bank, which has \$10,000 capital, has deposited \$65,000 bonds and mortgages, \$113,205 stocks, and has out \$178,205 circulation, and \$100! specie in hand. If this concern falters in its payments there will be a great loss to bill-holders. In the present state of the market its securities cannot cover its bills.

"It is a fallacy to suppose that New York stocks are ample security, unless a large margin is allowed. Many free banks have failed with New York stocks as security, and loss has ensued."

Now the Atlas Bank is as well secured as any of the institutions. Its real estate was officially appraised by Messrs. Bleecker & Reynolds, at \$130,000, and is mortgaged for \$65,000; yet when we wrote it was a matter of certainty the institution would have to suspend, although it is perfectly *solvent*. Accordingly, just 25 days

from the date of our article, it did suspend, and its notes, worth 100 cents on the dollar, sell at 60 cents. This failure, as well as the two that have since occurred, (the James and the Northern Exchange,) took place not because they are not well secured, but because they violate an immutable law of finance. They have sought to force into circulation more money than trade would bear—the channels of circulation overflow, and the weakest are first ruined.

In order to observe the mode of procedure we will turn to official tables. The following shows the State circulation on Nov. 1st, for three years:

#### NEW YORK STATE CIRCULATION.

	Free Banks.		Chartered Banks.	
	City.	Country.	City.	Country.
1845....	\$1,584,753	\$3,959,558	\$4,245,770	\$11,585,288
1846....	1,581,023	4,654,374	4,538,495	11,494,600
1847....	1,916,219	7,404,115	5,690,362	10,236,556

It is observable that the country safety fund circulation decreased \$1,258,074, and the country free banks increased \$2,749,741, during three years. This latter increase was almost entirely on the part of so called "banks" that sought only to throw bills into circulation, and make a profit by redeeming them at a discount. To do this they purchased New York 5 per cent. stocks, for the most part with the notes they had obtained from the comptroller for stocks previously pledged. During the past year the amount of stocks so purchased has been as follows:

#### NEW YORK STOCKS SOLD BY COMPTROLLER.

	4½'s.	5's.	5½'s. 6's & 7's.	Total.
Nov. 1846....	227,976	2,543,141	1,801,723	4,472,845
" 1847....	255,376	4,886,189	2,748,074	7,900,239
Increase,	37,400	2,343,048	1,046,946	3,427,394

Near three and a half millions of New York stock were bought in the market, and mostly up to August, 1847. The effect of these large purchases was a rise in price, which took place as follows:

#### PRICES NEW YORK STOCKS.

	4½'s.	5's.	5½'s.	6's.	7's.
Jan. 1847.....	94	95	99½	103	100½
July, 1847.....	98½	101½	104½	107½	104
Jan. 1848.....	90	92	98	100	100

This rise in the 5's was the reason that the Atlas Bank in August put in mortgages instead of stock, the latter being very scarce. The bankers had by their purchases advanced the price on themselves. The advance induced capitalists, savings banks, and other prudent institutions, to sell. Hence the stocks went from strong into *weak* hands. As soon as the pressure came this process was reversed; all those banks that had been buyers became sellers. As fast as their notes were returned upon them they were obliged to return them to the comptroller, get stock, and sell the latter for money to continue redemption. The consequence of this has been the fall in price. Those banks which bought at 101½ in August, must now sell at 92. The Atlas Bank, as an instance, holds \$113,205; the loss on this by the fall in stock will be \$10,188, and its capital is only \$10,000! The banks, like silly Wall street amateur speculators, raised the price of stocks in order to knock them down again at their own expense. The law should have allowed a large margin to provide for these fluctuations. As thus: the Northern Exchange Bank deposited \$75,000 New York 5's at par, and received \$74.-99½ of bills. The highest that \$75,000 of stock will now bring is \$67,500, or 90 cts. on the dollar,

consequently, to buy the bills on speculation, or to keep for settlement, they are not at this time worth more than 85 cents.

This operation of the banks is exactly what Wall street brokers call a "corner." As thus: a party hold all of a certain stock in their own hands. By means familiar to operators they induce a number of persons to sell them the stock on time. The seller hopes to buy the stock cheap, but they know he can't buy it because they have got it all. When the contracts come due they charge him what they please. The 22 banks above mentioned, supposing that specie would not be demanded of them, or if it was there was plenty to be got, engaged, as above, to pay on demand \$1,879,151 of specie. They had but \$29,843, but they supposed that they could get it if called for, by selling their stock. In the mean time specie left the city for the south and west, \$6,000,000 was sent abroad, and the demand for it continued. These banks are called upon to meet their promises, and they are "cornered." Specie has become more valuable than when they promised to pay it, and they cannot get it without giving more stock for it than they supposed! In this uncertain state of the stock market, the Atlas Bank, by depending upon good real estates partly, is better for the note-holders than those which depend only upon New York stock. The money market is now, and will continue to be, tight. Should as much stock, viz., \$3,427,396, be forced upon the market as last year was purchased between January and August, it may go to 80 or lower. New York 6's were at 80 in February, 1842. It is observable that those who sold the stock at *par* may now buy it back at 90, being a profit of 10 per cent., at the expense of the foolish bankers. These buyers, however, anticipating that much stock *must* be sold, hold back until it gets to what they think the lowest price. This process of returning bills to the comptroller and selling stock is now going rapidly forward. One firm has sold \$200,000 in two days.

In all this affair it is to be borne in mind that the *security of the circulation is good*—that is to say, as good as New York stocks, than which no payment can be more certain. They are worth *par* as long as a 5 per cent. annuity for a term of years is worth 100 cents. That *security* is, however, not *money*. To be equal to money the notes must at *sight* be available for all purposes to which money is applicable. This convertibility can only be effected by *keeping the supply within reasonable limits*, or to allow the *issues to be made only in the way of business*, to be returnable to the issuer through the regular operation of business. This would in a great degree have been effected by the law requiring all these banks to redeem at *par* in New York. Had this been in operation, none of the banks whose failures have alarmed and victimized the public, would have been in existence. They were called into being only by the profit which could be obtained by shaving the public in the half per cent. redemption. This difficulty has always been avoided in Boston, not by law, but by one city institution which receives all the country money that comes into the city in the course of trade, at *par*, and promptly returns it upon the issuing bank for redemption. This compels them all to keep a fund in Boston to protect their bills at *par*, and preserves the community from petty shaving and losses, in a much more efficient manner than any law can do it. — *True Sun*, 13 Jan.

THE movement of our army from Puebla was one of the most romantic and remarkable events which ever occurred in the military annals of our country.

Our troops did not indeed burn their fleet, like the first conquerors of Mexico, for they needed not to gather courage from despair, nor to stimulate their resolution by destroying all hopes of escape. But they voluntarily cut off all means of communication with their own country, by throwing themselves among the armed thousands of another, and advancing with stout hearts, but feeble numbers, into the midst of a hostile territory. The uncertainty which hung over the public mind, and the anxiety everywhere felt, when our gallant little army disappeared from our view, will not be forgotten during the present generation. There was universal pause of expectation—stopping but still fearing; and the eyes of twenty millions of people were anxiously fixed upon another country which a little band of its armed citizens had invaded. A veil concealed them from our view. They were lost to us for fifty days, for that period elapsed from the time when we heard of their departure from Puebla till accounts reached us of the issue of the movement. The shroud which enveloped them then gave way, and we discovered our glorious flag, waving in the breezes of the capital, and the city itself invested by our army.

And similar circumstances marked the very commencement of the war, when the Mexicans first surrounded our troops and shut them out from all communication with their country. This unexpected attack struck us all with astonishment, and we feared, as well we might, that numbers would overcome discipline and valor, which, however they might prolong, could not be expected to succeed in the contest. And hopeless indeed might have been the result, had not the honored soldier who commanded our troops, had confidence in them, and they in him; had he not known how to lead and they to follow. And well and bravely did they all bear themselves in the critical circumstances which surrounded them; and our doubts soon gave way to certainty, and gloomy forebodings to glorious convictions. And the campaign thus commenced was vigorously followed up on the Rio Grande, and victory after victory, till the crowning triumph at Buena Vista was heralded by every breeze and became familiar to our ears as household words.

*From Gen. Cass' Speech.*

JAMAICA.—Accounts from the island of Jamaica received at New Orleans, represent the condition of the coolies (workmen imported from India) as extremely wretched. Whether they find their way into the public hospital, the poor-houses, or the prisons, says the Jamaica Journal, the result is the same—the public must maintain them. No more of them will be imported, with the consent of the planters.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR CRIMINALS!—This is a question which, as Sir George Grey very properly says, there is a great deal of difficulty in answering. We think, however, we are enabled to offer a suggestion to the worthy home secretary, which will greatly assist him in the difficulty he finds himself under in disposing of criminals, now that the transportation system is no longer carried on as formerly. Our plan is, to convert some of the worst offenders into Irish landlords. It may be objected, however, that this would be almost equivalent to the restoration of the system of capital punishments, when we seem to be on the eve of their abolition.

*Punch.*

"THE GRINDING ORGAN NUISANCE."—It is time that the great Italian organ-boy question should be settled on something like an intelligible basis. Public opinion seems to be divided on the subject; and meanwhile the little urchins are the victims of conflicting principles.

The prohibition of the race not being absolute, certain dealers in organ-music import the boys to distribute them over the country and farm their earnings. But an equivocal law against vagrancy enables unmusical or over-musical policemen, men with ears too rude or too nice, to seize the boys in detail and drag them to Bridewell as "vagrants." Such cases often occur.

There is one this week, reported by "Alpha," a humane resident of Brompton, to the *Times*. He found a policeman dragging a poor hurdygurdy-boy to the station-house; followed the boy to the station, and next day to the Police Court; and saw him sentenced to ten days' imprisonment for "begging," on the wholly unsupported testimony of the policeman.

Now, is the act which is made an offence in the Italian boy an act of begging? We doubt it. In Tuscany, where no beggars are permitted—though they are not altogether suppressed—a special privilege was accorded to the blind, some years ago, of attracting attention by the playing of music; so the Italian at least regards music as contradistinguished from begging. It will not be pretended in the present case that the use of the hurdygurdy was the offence—though it is undoubtedly a very great crime against musical propriety. It is one against which the most ignorant Italian seldom errs; the greater number of hurdygurdy-carriers in England being Savoyards or Swiss. No; the prisoner ineffectually watched by "Alpha" was condemned, as any one of his class might have been, because he was an itinerant player of music—the playing of music being in the police dialect, equivalent to mendicancy.

But have these Italian music-boys been altogether as useless as beggars? Again we doubt. Certainly the inopportune noise of a grinding organ may be very offensive to busy men; but for one who is annoyed there are many to whom the grinding organ is the only concert. To the educated ear, the changeless key and weatherbeaten pitch of a street organ are painfully irksome; but the instrument is intended for the rude ear of the many. And it has done a real service even to the fastidious, by driving out a worse kind of noise; the barrel organ has exterminated the "vile squeaking of the wry-necked fife," and the wooden battering of the tuneless stunning drum.

It is the Italian who has been to "the millions" in this country the missionary of music and fine arts. "Polly put the kettle on" has been superseded by Rossini and Bellini, and the painted parrot by Praxiteles and Canova; the airs of the Italian opera-house are common in the mouths of our blackguard boys, and the statuary of Greece and Italy is familiar as China-ware. Though rudely and imperfectly conveyed, graceful thoughts and feelings have been spread abroad; and the main engine of distribution, in the lower and more numerous channels of our society, has been the poor Italian. We say, then, that he has served the country, and is entitled to claim free trade in his wares.

Nor is the money which he gets an importunately exacted alms; it is an honorarium, always given with cheerful willingness. The poor denizen of a

London court, to whom a halfpenny is as much as silver or gold to the playgoer, feels that the Italian boy, who has brought music to his dull region, has given his full halfpenny-worth for the money. Even the absurd hurdygurdy has its amusement. And if a spice of charitable feeling mingles with the sense of patronage for art which prompts the gratuity, the influence is none the more unwholesome for that.—*Spectator*.

#### LOVE.

I FEAR thee not—I fear thee not,  
Though young and fair thou art,  
My shadow stands as sentinel  
By my beloved one's heart:  
That guarded palace mocks thy siege,  
Its gate thou canst not win:  
Roam, sighing, round the marble walls,  
Nor hope to enter in.

I know that thou art beautiful,  
But I am well content;  
No beauty now hath charms for him—  
He swore it when he went.  
Let welcome in its softest tones,  
Its secret passion tell;  
Thy welcome never shall efface  
The sound of my farewell!

So spake a lady sitting lone  
Upon the sea's wild shore,  
Whose gloomy waste of crested waves  
Her dark eye travelled o'er:  
She spake it with a steadfast trust,  
(Oh, trust that vain must prove;)  
She spake it with a curling lip,  
In proud triumphant love!

Wo's me! at that same sunset hour,  
On the far distant land,  
Her lover sate and heard the lute,  
Touched by a gentle hand;  
There, listening with a loving gaze,  
His vows of yore forgot,  
His heart withdrew itself from hers,  
But the lady knew it not.

#### THE COMPASS-FLOWER.

##### A GEM FROM "EVANGELINE."

Look at this delicate flower that lifts its head from  
the meadow;  
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as  
the magnet;  
It is the *compass-flower*, that the finger of God has  
suspended  
Here on its fragile stalk, to direct the traveller's  
journey  
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the  
desert.  
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of  
passion,  
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller  
of fragrance,  
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their  
odor is deadly.  
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and here-  
after  
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with  
the dews of nepenthe.



## THE PURITAN.

*Read at the Dinner of the New-England Society of  
New-York, Dec. 22, 1847.*

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER, OF BOSTON.

THE old Puritan was a solemn man,  
Sombre and sad were his features,  
He talked through his nose and he wore plain clothes,  
And seemed the forlornest of creatures.

Did he happen to grin, he believed it a sin,  
And took it to heart quite severely,  
But should Satan provoke him to laugh at a joke,  
He repented it very sincerely.

Amusements, he thought, were with mischief full  
fraught,  
Songs and dances were nothing but evil,  
While cards, dice and plays, and all church holi-  
days,  
Were snares set for souls by the devil.

All ornaments too did he strictly eschew,  
They but filled him with horror and dread;  
His own natural hair he would not even spare,  
But wore it cropt short round his head.

Deprived of all games, his boys had odd names;  
His first might be "Israel increases;"—  
His second, perchance, would be "Buckler and  
Lance"—  
And another, "Hew Agag in pieces."

With powers of the air, and ghosts foul and fair,  
He had daily to combat and wrestle—  
Yet as mere "potter's clay" in the Lord's hand he lay,  
So he spoke of himself as a "vessel."

On Sundays his house was as still as a mouse—  
The high-ways were almost as quiet;  
The church-warden stout caught the boy who was  
out,  
And gave him the stocks and low diet.

When lads up in arms insulted their *marms*,  
They were put on a par with blasphemers;  
To be pelted with stones till the flesh left their bones,  
Was the law for such wicked young screamers.

The youth who would wed a coy, Puritan maid,  
Before the old folks had to court her,  
And quite sure was he to find a huge flea  
In his ear if he failed to support her.

The duty of life, then, for man and for wife,  
Was to labor six days out of seven;  
On the seventh, in the best of their toggery drest,  
To work harder to get into heaven.

Foul weather or fair, they were constant in prayer,  
But to thrift all the time kept a squint,  
And in matters of trade, when a bargain they made,  
Their faces were set like a flint.

Innovations in faith they opposed unto death;  
At the cart's tail they dragged the poor Quaker;  
With derision and jeers they cropped heretics' ears,  
And felt they were serving their Maker.

The Puritan's walk, conversation and talk,  
Was the very reverse of ungodly;  
And scriptural texts, on the slightest pretexts,  
Rolled out of his mouth rather oddly.

But loud though he prayed, let a foeman invade,  
All danger you'd find him defying;

Like a tiger he'd fight in defence of his right,  
And the last thing he thought of was flying.

Such an odd sort of man was the old Puritan,  
Whom to honor to-night we assemble;  
Should one only come here and sit down to our cheer,  
Where 's the man who could see and not tremble!

His visage severe, his manner austere,  
Would freeze all the cream without trouble;  
Conversation would stop, not a cork would dare pop,  
Nor a glass of the rosy dare bubble.

But yet, after all, since the date of the fall,  
For most that is noble in man,  
Though you searched the world over, 't were hard  
to discover  
The peer of the old Puritan.

No danger could shake, no adversity break,  
The faith-founded force of his will;  
Oppression's stern power, even famine's gaunt hour,  
Could not change him, although they might kill.

In the cause of the cross all his wealth was bu-  
dross;  
Freely left was his dear native land;  
Mid the ocean's fierce roar, on a wild savage shore,  
He walked calm with his life in his hand.

Midst terrors infernal and splendors supernal,  
Lay his pathway to glory or wrath;  
In the fear of his God straight onward he trod,  
With the Bible "a lamp to his path."

Then honored be he, the strong man and free,  
Whom love of the truth banished hither;  
To immortal renown be his name handed down,  
Wreathed with laurels that never shall wither.

And honored for aye be this festival day—  
Through the land be its influence felt,  
Till creation expire, and the last fatal fire  
The old Rock of Plymouth shall melt.

*Courier.*

LIVE for THYSELF! let each successive morn  
Rouse thee to plans of self-indulgent ease;  
And every hour some new caprice be born,  
Till all be thrown aside that does not please:  
So shalt thou learn how shallow is the fount  
Whose glittering waves all wholesome thirst de-  
stroy,

And, heart-sick, even in youth, begin to count  
Springs without hope, and summers blank of joy!

LIVE for thy FELLOW-MEN! let all thy soul  
Be given to serve and aid, to cheer and love;  
Make sacrifice of self, and still control  
All meaner motives which the heart might move:  
The sting of disappointment shall be thine;  
The meed of base ingratitude be won:  
Rare veins of gold illumine the labored mine  
And toil and sadness cloud thy setting sun!

LIVE for thy GOD! Thine anchor shall be cast  
Where no false quicksands shift its hold away;  
Through the clear future, from the sunrise past,  
Glow the calm light along the even way.  
The loss of human hopes shall vex no more  
Than the quick withering of earth's common  
flowers,

For well thou know'st when pain and death are o'er,  
Eternal spring shall glad the heavenly bowers!  
*Drawing Room Scrap Book.*

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PROSPECTUS.—This work is conducted in the spirit of Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature, (which was favorably received by the public for twenty years,) but as it is twice as large, and appears so often, we not only give spirit and freshness to it by many things which were excluded by a month's delay, but while thus extending our scope and gathering a greater and more attractive variety, are able so to increase the solid and substantial part of our literary, historical, and political harvest, as fully to satisfy the wants of the American reader.

The elaborate and stately Essays of the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, and other Reviews; and *Blackwood's* noble criticisms on Poetry, his keen-political Commentaries, highly wrought Tales, and vivid descriptions of rural and mountain Scenery; and the contributions to Literature, History, and Common Life, by the sagacious *Spectator*, the sparkling *Examiner*, the judicious *Athenaeum*, the busy and industrious *Literary Gazette*, the sensible and comprehensive *Britannia*, the sober and respectable *Christian Observer*; these are intermixed with the Military and Naval reminiscences of the *United Service*, and with the best articles of the *Dublin University*, *New Monthly*, *Fraser's*, *Tail's*, *Ainsworth's*, *Hood's*, and *Sporting Magazines*, and of *Chambers' admirable Journal*. We do not consider it beneath our dignity to borrow wit and wisdom from *Punch*; and, when we think it good enough, make use of the thunder of *The Times*. We shall increase our variety by importations from the continent of Europe, and from the new growth of the British colonies.

The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa, into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections, as Merchants, Travellers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world; so that much more than ever it

now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries. And this not only because of their nearer connection with ourselves, but because the nations seem to be hastening, through a rapid process of change, to some new state of things, which the merely political prophet cannot compute or foresee.

Geographical Discoveries, the progress of Colonization, (which is extending over the whole world,) and Voyages and Travels, will be favorite matter for our selections; and, in general, we shall systematically and very fully acquaint our readers with the great department of Foreign affairs, without entirely neglecting our own.

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WASHINGTON, 27 DEC., 1845.

J. Q. ADAMS.